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GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.*

BY NELLIE C. FENN.

Oh, do not believe it; no "dark, gloomy veil"
Shuts out a dim future from sight;
'Tis only a mellowing haze, to conceal
The dazzling radiance of light.
Too strong for our weak mortal vision to bear;
So, 'tis tempered with clouds, by a kind Father's
care.

As the germ of a flower bursts forth from its seed,
Unfolding in fragrance and bloom,
And leaves the fair husk to decay in the earth,
Deserted, in silence, and gloom;
So they our beloved ones, have blossomed up there—
Just above,—in the light of a sweet summer air—
They've blossomed; and we are developing, too,
Down here in the shadows below:
Their fragrance and beauty, to new life beyond,
Are bidden us hasten to grow.
Unfolding,—our quickened perceptions can feel
Their sweet, benignant influence over us steal.

The dear, honored mother, the sweet angel-wife,
The tender young babe we've caressed,
Though passed from the "natural bodies" they wore
To the radiant forms of the blest,—
Still linger, the fragrance of comfort to shed
O'er the poor lonely heart, and the sorrow-bowed
head.

And sometimes, a light through the shadowy haze,
This blossoming beauty reveals;
The perfume and glow of ethereal life,
To e'en our dull senses appeals;
We feel them, we hear them, we see them e'en there
In the tenantless crib, the unoccupied chair!

A sire's trembling hands on the reverent head,
In fond benedictions are pressed;
A mother's embraces encircle the form,
And gather it close to her breast;
While throngs of dear faces their smiles o'er us
shed,
As hallowed and sweet, as in days that are dead.

The dearest and best, in whose life we have lived,
Whom to lose, is the bitterest pain;
Descends like a dove, to brood tenderly o'er
The world-weary spirit again;
To breathe an assurance of still-faithful love,
And paint the bright home that awaits us above.

We listen; the music of pattering feet
Falls thrillingly sweet on our ears;
And velvet cheeks nestle close to our lips;
Soft finger-tips toy with our tears,
And whisper, "no longer in sorrow bemoan;
Between us, there should be no 'dark gloomy
veil'!"
Little Rock, Arkansas.

* On hearing a friend remark, "A dark, gloomy veil
hides the future from our view."

Written for The Universe.

MARRIED;

A Woman's Deception.

BY MRS. CAROLINE FAIRFIELD CORBIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.
(Continued.)

She smiled. "We seem made to be a rid-
dle and perplexity to men," she said. "I
think it possible that a part of the mystery
lies in the fact that the most enduring strength
is not material, but spiritual, so that very
slight women are frequently more capable of
sustained resistance, when the strain is in a
great measure upon the spirit, than the most
robust men. But we must not stop to philo-
sophize in this heavy malarious air. I pro-
phesy a change of wind, and a healthful
shower, before morning. Go home with firm
faith in my prophecy, and sleep so soundly
that to-morrow you shall rise refreshed and
strengthened."

She smiled a cheerful smile upon him at
last, but passed him and went into the
cottage with a heart as heavy as lead in her
bosom.

In the morning her prophecy had been
fulfilled. A cool refreshing wind blew from
the west, over a landscape that sparkled with
abundant rain. The hand of the Lord was
stayed from afflicting the land; but relief
had come too late to lift the cloud from the
Doctor's spirit.

All that morning Father Dunne and Eloise
missed their co-laborer, and, before noon,
word went through the valley, striking a sud-
den terror to hundreds of hearts of those who
had learned to look upon him as their human
saviour and best earthly friend, that the Doc-
tor lay ill of the fever. There were in the
world two women who had each, in a way, a
claim to be his nurse. Which one should it
be?

CHAPTER IX.

ELSIE'S DUTY.

When Eloise heard of the Doctor's illness,
she felt, for an instant, that all his praises the
previous evening had been vain and idle, for,
at the first serious shock, her strength seemed
to have departed from her. However, this
lasted but a moment. The thought that he
was alone, with only the care of an ordinary
servant, brought a strong reaction; and,
packing a basket with such necessities for the
sick as she and Mrs. Hay now kept constant-
ly on hand, she set off to visit him.

She found her worst fears realized. The at-
tack was one of more than ordinary severity.
Already he lay in a half-unconscious stupor,
and only replied to her questions by some
incoherencies concerning his patients. Then
he turned his face away from her, and seemed
like one in an uneasy sleep, except that the
labored and hurried breathing, and the crimson
fever-flush, made the presence of disease
but too evident.

Eloise came immediately for Father Dunne.
He came at once.
"This is a sad blow," he said, as he en-
tered the room and looked at the still uncon-

scious sufferer. "What can I do for you?
I shall serve you gladly, willingly."
"I want you to go for Elsie," said Eloise
calmly; "there is no other person fit to bear
the sorrowful tidings."

Father Dunne looked at her steadily.
"If you send me, I shall go," he said.
"I do not presume to be authoritative,"
she replied, smiling, "but I felt that you
would see the necessity of her being here, and
that you were the best person to carry the
news and to be her escort back."

"Thank you! I shall then start at
once?"

"If you please."
Eloise was annoyed at the way in which he
deferred to her. She had hoped that he
would assume all authority at once, and so re-
lieve her, but the Jesuit had a sincere desire,
if possible, to disentangle this unfortunate
family difficulty, and he preferred, for the sake
of Mrs. Elsie's sensitive nerves, to be sent on
this delicate mission.

Father Dunne said a few words more to
Eloise, and then started on his journey. He
was human, and, strive as he might against
it, there was something in the cool and steady
courage of this woman, united as it was with
the most perfect delicacy and propriety, which
fascinated him more than he was willing to
acknowledge, even to himself.

"What a religious she would make!" he
said to himself. "I don't know a lady abess,
in this country or the old, to compare with
her." At the same time a subtle instinct
assured Father Dunne that Eloise would never
turn Catholic.

He found Elsie, with her servant and baby,
domesticated in a small cottage a few rods
from the hotel where the Vaughns were
boarding. She was quite surprised to see him,
but as pleased as surprised.

"Do you come from Brockendale?" she
asked.
"Yes, direct. I am the bearer of tidings
to yourself."

She grew a little pale, struck, perhaps, by
the seriousness of his manner.

"Is any one ill?—the Doctor?"

"Yes; he was attacked by the fever yes-
terday."

Eloise was silent for a moment, as if weigh-
ing contingencies.

"Is he very ill?" she asked at length.

"I judge it to be a serious attack. The
circumstances, however, are favorable. There
was a heavy thunder-shower the night before
I left, followed by a complete change of the
weather; and he has, at present, an excellent
nurse."

"Who?" asked Elsie, drawing in her
breath a little. It was known to the family
that Eloise had been nursing the sick at
Brockendale.

"Miss Vaughan."

"You too, admire her, then?" Elsie spoke
a little petulantly.

"I only answered for her qualities as a
nurse," said the priest, somewhat dryly.

"Does she know that you have come for
me?"

"I came at her request—I may say, com-
mand."

"I suppose she has had a good deal of ex-
perience, and knows exactly what to do for
Richard?"

"Yes," said Father Dunne, wonderingly,
"she is, undoubtedly, the best person to be at
his bedside—except his wife."

Eloise sat silent, with her eyes on the floor.

Father Dunne watched her closely.

"If he had a wife," she said at length—"a
wife whom he loved, and who felt herself nec-
essary to him, she would, of course face dan-
ger and death in his service."

Her face was pale, and Father Dunne felt
just then that she was constitutionally timid.

"My daughter, you are his wife, whether or
not he recognizes the fact."

"Yes," said Elsie, deprecatingly, "but I
am also my child's mother. Did Richard de-
sire me to come to him?"

"He was unconscious; it was not possible
that he should express a desire of any sort.
If you do not choose to go, I think I can an-
swer for Miss Vaughan, that she will not
allow your husband to suffer."

This was said with unmistakable dryness
of tone, and was meant to spur the wife to
her duty by means of her jealousy.

Eloise started and flushed a little.

"Father," she said, "I know all about that,
and I confess I am greatly distracted in my
mind. As my spiritual director, tell me what
is my duty."

Father Dunne, with the instinct of a man
of tact, and an expert in human nature, felt
that there was such a thing as making mat-
ters worse by an excess of outside pressure.

He replied with a slight shade of reserve
in his tone:

"It is, fortunately, a matter in which I may
be guided, to some extent, by the decisions
of your own conscience."

"You must have seen a good deal of them
during these past few weeks. If Richard
were conscious, do you think, in his heart of
hearts, he would desire my presence?"

"I have seen a good deal of them," said
Father Dunne, "and that which I saw was
mainly to their credit. Still, I do not pretend
to know what may be in the heart of hearts
of a man situated as he is."

"Which means that, you dare not affirm
that he wants me at all."

Father Dunne did not deny it. He was,
after all, a little surprised at this exhibition
of feeling, or rather of indifference, on the
part of Elsie. It seemed to him to indicate
something in her mind which he had not fully
sounded. He felt, moreover, the quiet force
of her way of putting the case. Why should
she face a possible danger, a certain hardship,
for the sake of a man who not only did not
want her, but who would possibly be much
better off without her? Still, to desert a hus-
band in such a crisis, was not what the
Church would dictate. He must give her a
little more rope, and see what would come of
it.

"Then I am to understand," he said, at
length, "that you prefer not to be your hus-
band's nurse?"

"I think," she said, "that my duty demands
that I should remain here and take care of
my child."

Father Dunne was aware of two things;
that Mrs. Glendenning did not love her hus-
band, and that she was not born for a sister

of charity. He began himself to be puzzled
about the solution of this affair.

"There is another circumstance," said El-
sie, at length, and a little hesitatingly, "which,
perhaps, I ought to mention, as having some
bearing upon the question of my going to
Brockendale just now."

Father Dunne knew women well enough to
divine that, in this late-mentioned and ap-
parently only slightly relevant matter, he might
probably discover the secret of that inconsis-
tency in Mrs. Glendenning's conduct which
had so puzzled him. He was, therefore, in-
stantly all attention.

Eloise went on: "Uncle Vaughan is just
now very ill. Indeed, it is hardly possible
that he should recover. He has sent for a law-
yer, and will make his will this evening."

"Ah!" said Father Dunne, luminously;
"have you expectations, my daughter?"

Eloise cast down her eyes, as became her,
but did not blush. A matter of cash was not
a matter to be sentimentalized with her.

"He has always promised to leave me
something," she said, and recently—that is,
since we have heard that Eloise was at Brock-
endale—my aunt and myself have had sev-
eral conversations on the subject. I think it
is probable that a good deal may depend up-
on my presence just now."

Father Dunne saw at once the spider's web
which was being spread for an unwary fly
named Eloise; but he looked a little farther
than Elsie had ever done, and saw what he
thought might be a fair bargain for each of
them, in which, after all, the net profit would
fall to the Church.

"I think your decision a wise one," he said
to Elsie, "and I believe I need not interfere
with it," and he gave her his blessing and
left.

On his way home he speculated:
"Her manner was serious, and in such
matters she is an exact little saint. Mr.
Vaughan is very wealthy, and has but one
son. She will have twenty thousand dollars
at the least. A good operation."

When he reached Brockendale he went
straight to the Doctor's sick chamber. Eloise
rose expectantly to meet him. She was look-
ing worn and anxious.

"Good morning, madam," said the priest,
blandly. "How is your patient?"

"The case is very critical. When is Elsie
coming? I thought she would have returned
with you."

The priest looked straight into her eyes.

"Mrs. Glendenning has consented," he said
at length, slowly and impressively, "in view
of the imperative duties which confine her,
and your greater experience as nurse, to
waive her rights in this sick chamber, and to
devolve her responsibilities upon you. Mr.
Abner Vaughan is very ill, and requires all
the time and attention which she can spare
from the care of her child. Are you willing
to accept this great trust which she reposes
in you?"

Eloise was clear-sighted. She divined the
whole thing at a glance. Somewhat to the
priest's surprise, she replied:

"My cousin Elsie prefers to nurse a dying
magnate rather than a possibly dying hus-
band. She lets the case go by default. Very
well. If you ever have occasion, you may say
to her that the life she holds of so little value,
is of untold and imperishable worth to me. I
shall most willingly, most gladly take up the
trust which she resigns. Henceforth my place
is here till death claims his tribute, or till I
can return to Elsie, convalescent and still able
to fulfill the duties of husband and protector,
this prostrate, helpless form."

If Father Dunne felt the stinging rebuke
her words conveyed, he passed it over with
somehow more than his usual phlegm, look-
ing forward, it may be, to a possibility of re-
compense for her present pain, which she
could not foresee.

When he left her, Eloise gave one thought
to the woman dancing attendance upon the
rich man's death-bed, and repeated to herself:

"So round and round we run,
And ever the Right comes uppermost,
And ever is Justice done."

From that moment no tremor of dissatis-
faction or regret assailed her, but every energy
was bent upon the task before her.

It was a serious one. For three weeks the
Doctor lay upon his fevered couch, a help-
less, unconscious sufferer. The forces of his
system, worn with the long struggle to save
others from the destroyer, seemed daily to
falter and give way before the terrible inroads
of the disease. Day-time and night-time the
watch must be constant and unvarying—that
at no point should the assailant gain even a
momentary advantage. Nothing but the
tireless energy of love could possibly meet
demands so ceaseless and inordinate. In the
second week, Abner Vaughan died, and was
buried. Some one suggested then that Mrs.
Glendenning would probably release the self-
appointed watcher from her onerous cares.
Eloise maintained a firm but rigid silence, but
the doctor did not hesitate to say:

"I would not change the nurse now for the
price of the patient's life. Mrs. Glendenning
is inexperienced. Miss Vaughan is no doubt
weary, but she has a look of endurance yet.
She must remain."

So Elsie was written to, and advised to
stay where she was, and she did so.

There came at last a day when a crisis
evidently impended. All through the long
agony of watching, the Doctor had lain, for
the most part, in a stupor, which had been
only relieved by snatches of rambling delir-
ious consciousness; but now faint gleams of
intelligence lighted the sunken eyes, and now
and then a motion of the head, or a sound of
the voice, betrayed a recognition of his sur-
roundings. Toward evening, Eloise stepped
out of the room for a few moments, and, com-
ing back to relieve the attendant, she saw at
once that the glance which met hers was that
of a settled and clear, though fearfully pro-
strate intelligence. As she seated herself at
his bedside, he stretched out his hand to her.
It was a solemn moment to both of them; for
both knew that upon the turn which the
disease might take within the next few hours,
his life depended. She laid her hand in his
without a word, beaming upon him such a
look as can shine out of no eyes but those
made calm and tender by a perfect and re-
ciprocated love. For a moment a deep un-
broken silence reigned, in which all the past,
with its stern yet joyful experiences, all the

present, with its momentous doubt and peril,
seemed to both of them to be comprehended.

"Eloise," he said, in a voice as low as the
whisper of a babe: "Eloise, is it forever?"

[To be continued next week.]

AUTHORS AND MARRIAGE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

"The song of all the songs,
Shall celebrate love's endless blisses."

The science of love, wrote the eloquent
Cicero, is the "philosophy of the heart's af-
fections." The sentiment was beautifully ex-
pressed. Definitions differ. The hermit
Hippolitus insisted that love had been termed
the "tender passion" from its "softening ef-
fect upon the human brain." Godefrid Wagn-
er, a learned Swiss of the University of
Freiburg, in a dissertation on "eminent bach-
elors" says, "it cannot be denied that the
charms of women are greatly injurious to the
charms of literature."

Each individual conceives and defines love
from the plane of his own moral status.
Love as a principle is divine and heavenly.
Falling in love—that is, into passionate love—
becomes simpering men and sighing women;
but climbing up into pure, impersonal, unself-
ish love, becomes true womanhood and an
exalted manhood. Genuine love, as a spiri-
tual force, always seeks the highest happiness
of the being loved. As a deity principle, it
is eternal. Soul-loves, like half-circles, can
never be severed. The truly married are
never divorced. Divine law is eternal, hold-
ing as magnet to steel those together, who
are unitive in the inner life. Human enact-
ments make nothing right. Right, relat-
ing to absolute justice, is eternal. "Go,"
said the trusting German authoress to the
great Humboldt—"go, sail the wide seas—go,
traverse foreign lands—go, plant your feet
upon every hill and mountain, upon every
isle and zone of earth, if you choose; we are
together still!"

Reflecting and reasoning, we are some-
times sorely puzzled to fathom, or clearly un-
derstand, why so many eminent authors, poets,
philosophers of the past, who, educating the
intellect, and sweetening the lives of oth-
ers, were themselves either bachelors, ascet-
ics, or married husbands. The poet Mil-
ton married three times, and his conjugal re-
lations, on the whole, were exceedingly un-
happy, and a portion of the time, absolutely
wretched. Goethe and Bacon, marrying
late, worried through the siege. The fearful
experiences of Shelley and Byron are fami-
liar to all. The learned Lafontaine, entering
the marriage relation at twenty-six, separated
from his wife early in the honeymoon, see-
ing her thereafter only upon business.

A writer in the *North American Review*,
treating upon the solution of the marriage
problem in connection with literature, says:

Addison, at forty-four, three years before his
death, married a countess, "who was no better,"
says Thackeray, "than a shrew and a vixen."
Sterne complains that the presence of his wife
stopped the flow of his ideas, and finds inspira-
tion did his best work before he fell in love, or
lost his wife's death, and was in a state of intel-
lectual torpor during the six years' engagement
and his one year's marriage. The insanity of Thack-
eray's wife made him practically a widower
during his last and greatest days. Plato, warned by
Socrates' experience, Aristophanes, Anacreon,
Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Heine, Balzac, Beranger,
Saint-Beuve, and in our own country, Irving and
Thoreau, never married.

In the kindred arts, the kindred arts, the
great names of Beethoven and Michael Angelo,
whom their biographers assert, not only that they
never married, but that they never loved in any
but a Platonic sense, are enough to cite.

The writings of Goldsmith, Irving and Lamb
abound in proofs that to love women it is not
necessary to be a husband, that to love children it
is not necessary to be a father, and that we may
"love our brethren of mankind" without being
bribed thereto by Wordsworth's "Dower of Clus-
tering Charities."

Coincident with the history of human
hearts and affections, the institution of Mar-
riage has been conspicuous. Its perpetuity
is certainly proof enough of its wisdom and
potency upon the earthly plane of existence.

The world of Christians are told to "look at
Jesus." And yet, Jesus of Nazareth did not
marry. He lived a celibate. "My kingdom
is not of this world."—"I am the resurrection
and the life."—"In the resurrection they
neither marry nor are given in marriage."

In consonance with these and other scriptur-
al passages, the Shakers ask—"Is not this
resurrectional freedom from loveless mar-
riages, with their offspring of hate, lust and
disgust, as wise, as legitimately attainable in
this present state of existence?" Jesus of
Nazareth is their great exemplar.

External marriage is not sacrament, but a
human contract. All civil compacts are li-
able to imperfections. The wisest and best
occasionally blunder. Accordingly all insti-
tutions, all combinations and relational
movements characterizing this age, whether
intellectual, political, religious, or social,
must come to the "judgment seat" of inves-
tigation and stern criticism. Let them come!
only cowards or selfish ones can object. The
chaff must be separated from the wheat. The
abuses of the marriage institution must be
thoroughly sifted and dissected. True mar-
riage, like truth itself, has nothing to fear
from agitation. All that is good and true
courts candid discussion. No ocean can
separate, nor eroded judge divorce the truly
married. No courtly edict can disturb their
beautiful soul-blendings. No law-enactments
can unjoin that which "God has joined to-
gether." The converse of this position is
equally true.

A late writer contends that—
The secret of fitness in marriage is opposition
temperament with identity of aim. Partners thus
mated are in perfect sympathy of interests and
purposes; while the difference of the methods
which they use in seeking these common inter-
ests, supplies a stimulus, a novelty, an unflag-
ging variety, to the daily experience of their lives.
Each is thus the complement of the other's nature.
One may be grave, the other gay; one mainly in-

tellectual, the other all heart; one impetuous, the
other cool and deliberate; the most timid and
delicate bride may wed the sturdiest and loudest
voiced Ajax of a husband; but these very differ-
ences will be mutually attractive, delightful, ad-
vantage to married lovers that have a single heart
and will. Unity of purpose, variety of means
toward that purpose—these are the conditions
which lead to the truly happy marriages—the
marriages in which each partner

Fulfills
Defect in each; and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
To single, pure, and perfect matchhood,
The two-celled heart, beating with one full stroke—
Life.

Conscious of the fact that Milton, Bacon,
Addison, Thackeray, and other stars in the
mental firmament of the past, became intellec-
tually dimmed by entering the novel-
painted paradise—the marriage relation—
poets, authors, artists, and others of the pres-
ent, choose single-blessedness in preference
to risking the "thorns of Amathusia."

"I hold the perfect mating of two souls,
Through wedded love, to be the sun of bliss.
When earth, this fruit that ripens as it rolls
In sunlight, grows more prime, lives will not
miss

Their counterparts, and each shall find its own;
But now with what blind chance the lots are
thrown!
Yet bonds of gold, linked hands, and chancel
vows,
Even spousal beds, do not a marriage make.
When such things chain the soul that never
knows

Love's mating, little vantage shall it take,
Wandering with alien feet throughout the wide,
Rushed temple, over those who pine outside!"

AN IGNORANT MINISTER.

An editor and his friend, whose church pre-
ferences were Baptist-ward, had an appoint-
ment with a gentleman to meet them at For-
est, Ohio, where the arrangements of the trains
would permit of a ten minutes' talk at 2 A. M.,
and enable the editor and his companion to
return home in time for a few hours' sleep.
The pair arrived at midnight, and
had two hours of a broken night before them.
They walked over to a refreshment
saloon, and made a tolerable supper on Ger-
man sausage and crackers, and a glass of cold
punch. While thus engaged, an insinuating
individual drew near, called for similar re-
freshments, and having paid this delicate
compliment to the taste of the two gentlemen,
sought a conversation:

"Just come on the train from the east?"

"Yes," curtly replied Mr. Editor.

"Going north?"

"No."

"South?"

"No."

"Staying over here?"

"Seems like it."

"Going to stay here?"

"No."

"Going west, then?"

"No."

"See here," said the fellow, after a mo-
mentary pause; "can't we amuse ourselves?"

"Amuse ourselves! how?"

"Got any cards?"

"Cards! what cards? business cards?"

"No, no—cards to play with."

"How play? play what?"

"Why, cards—euchre, seven up, old
sledge, you know."

"Why, you mean gambling, don't you?"
exclaimed the man of the quill, feigning as-
tonishment.

"Of course I do."

"Young man," replied he, drawing himself
up, and putting on much style, "I am a min-
ister, and don't know one card from another."

"You a minister! What Church do you
belong to?"

This was a poser. The editor realized in-
stantly that, though dressed in black, he could
not pass for a Catholic priest or an Episcop-
alian, and that Presbyterians and Metho-
dists rather eschewed such refreshments as
cold punches; so he promptly, and with some
asperity, as if utterly to extinguish the impertin-
ent bore, responded, "A Baptist Minister."

Quick as a flash came the reply: "You a
Baptist minister and not know one card from
another! a—of a Baptist minister you are!"
and the fellow walked off, looking
supreme contempt at ignorance so utterly dis-
gusting.—*Harper's Magazine for September.*

SAVING SOULS BY HANGING.

M. H. Bovee, of Wisconsin, in a new work
he has issued entitled "Christ and the Gal-
lows," gives this startling narrative:

I know a sheriff, and from his own lips I
had the story

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 28, 1869.

GOD HELP HER.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

God help the wretch who nightly drags
Her life among the ghastly flags,
In sin, in hunger, and in rage,
God help her, when the bitter rain
Beats on her—like a window pane—
And almost washes out her stain.

God help her, when, with naked feet,
She gropes along, and bows to meet
The cruel corner of the street.

God help her, when, with tearful eye,
She looks into the blackened sky,
And strikes her breast, and asks to die.

God help her, wandering to and fro,
Without an Christian glance to throw
A beam upon her sullied snow.

Poor child of good and child of ill,
Too weak for her misguided will,
God help her, she's a woman still.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

London supplies the fashionable districts of Paris with pickpockets—why, it is difficult to comprehend, as Frenchmen, as a rule, have greater delicacy of touch than the broad-digitated sons of Albion. Paris, in return, sends us clever swindlers of various types, whose main field of action, however, appears to be the city and its suburbs, possibly because the western districts are too overrun by our native born sharpers, who, spite of their undoubted inventive genius, nevertheless rarely seem to hit upon the same ultra-refined way of fleecing particular sections of the community as their Parisian brethren practice with such marked success.

The one imposition, on a grand scale, which flourishes in Paris, unrestrained by law, is the Matrimonial Agency. One can understand the immense field it has open to it in a country like France, where marriages are far more affairs of the purse than of the heart, and where every female servant, and every shop-girl, even, saves up her "dot" as her only chance of obtaining a partner for life. The most important of these agencies send out their circulars quarterly to the *hommes d'affaires* in France, and an extract from one of these documents, that has accidentally come beneath our notice, deserves to be given verbatim:

"I entertain the conviction, Monsieur, that in your neighborhood—or, at any rate, among your connections—you will either know or chance to hear of certain young ladies who may happen to be placed in the embarrassing position of not being able to contract a suitable marriage, either in accordance with their tastes or to their just pretensions. I venture, therefore, to do myself the pleasure of furnishing you with an epitome of those actual and seriously disposed parties of whom I have the honor to be the intermediary.

"1. A foreign prince, well known in the highest circles for his irreproachable manners and agreeable physiognomy. He is thirty-four years of age, and has from eight hundred thousand to a million francs of fortune, with carriage, horses, etc.

"2. A magistrate, thirty-five years of age, and with an income of a hundred thousand francs.

"3. Several doctors, twenty-five to thirty-five years of age and possessing incomes ranging from twenty to fifty thousand francs.

"4. Numerous merchants, etc., from twenty-five to forty years of age, with incomes varying from twenty to thirty thousand francs.

"5. Some 'rentiers,' from forty to fifty years of age, and with from thirty thousand to a hundred thousand francs income."

This circular, curious in many respects, has, however, nothing curious about it. It would be necessary that one should never have looked into a French newspaper to ignore the various temptations to which these high-priests of Hymen make a point of incessantly exposing all who happen to be single.

The matrimonial agent, with whom just now we are more particularly concerned, invariably has on the books of his establishment all that can be wished for, and every thing, moreover, would appear to be of the very best. There are blondes and brunettes, short and tall, stout and thin ones, of high birth or high connections, and of both sexes. He has, in fact, all colors, all sizes, all shapes, and all qualities. The price, moreover, is not absolute; he will permit us to bargain with him, although he does not neglect to inform us that his extensive connections assure an incontestable superiority to his articles over those of other establishments. His *clientele*, he informs us comprises the *elite* of society only.

The originator of this singular avocation has retired on the fortune and the honors he derived from the successful pursuit of it; but his successors, who continue to preach the scriptural doctrine of increase and multiply, do not appear to have been equally fortunate in mating their clients, for one sees the same advertisement consistently repeated: "It is desired to marry a young lady, possessing thirty thousand francs a year, to an individual of an honorable profession. Fortune less a consideration than strictly moral conduct."

The advertisement occasionally varies, and one is enabled to make a selection from a thousand francs a year up to two hundred thousand, from aged fifteen to aged seventy. Address, post-paid, No.—Avenue Montaigne. One day a representative of that common class of young men who exhaust all their patrimony during the first few years of their liberty, presented himself, over head and ears in debt, to one of these matrimonial agents, having come to extricate himself from his difficulties by uniting himself to a pretended dowry of three thousand francs a year, a modest and probable enough dowry. After a few preliminary explanations, the agent asked him, according to custom, for two hundred francs for expenses, at which the disabused suitor shrugged his shoulders and naively observed:

"Is it likely, I ask you, that I should think of tying myself to a wife if I was in possession of a couple of hundred francs?"

No reply could be made to so pertinent an observation, and the negotiation, as a matter of course, fell to the ground.

Bachelors who have lost everything need a

dowry to refill their purse, and a nurse for their rheumatism. They notice one morning in the newspaper, between the "Eau de melisse des Carmes" and "Machines silencieuses a coudre," an advertisement of a lady wishing to marry, and who is handsome, young, witty, modest and amiable, and, best of all, who is ballasted with thirty thousand francs a year. Address (as usual) No.—Avenue Montaigne.

At least one individual out of the thousands who read the advertisement will be certain to think this the very thing to suit him, and will make a point of writing to the address indicated. Two days afterward an answer arrives. With a trembling hand he opens the envelope, and with palpitating heart devours the reply, the purport of which, however, will simply be, that "affairs of this nature cannot be discussed freely by correspondence." He is begged, therefore, to favor the agent with a call at No.—Avenue Montaigne, and he shall receive further information. In conclusion, he is assured that, having been the first to reply to the advertisement, a preference will be accorded him.

The bureau of the agent at the address indicated, turns out to be in a very fine house, all the windows of which look into the street. A footman introduces the would-be bridegroom into a magnificent *salon* furnished with exquisite taste, and the open folding-doors of which permit him to see on the right and on the left what appears to be a suit of splendid apartments. Everything breathes of love and marriage; copies of Watteau's *Isle of Cytherea* and Veronese's *Marriage of Cana*, with kindred subjects, adorn the walls. The timepiece is surmounted by an amatory shepherd and shepherdess, above whom hover a pair of billing and cooing doves. The candelabra are formed of torches of Hymen; Cupids gambol in the angles of the ceiling, and the tables are covered with books, all treating of the one eternal subject, from the loves of angels to the loves of plants. And as if to complete the picture a couple of pretty children, a Cupidon and a Psyche, in knickerbockers and crinoline, are playing upon the hearth-rug.

A bell rings, and soon the agent makes his appearance, with innumerable apologies for having kept his visitor waiting, pleading the numerous affairs he has on hand, as his excuse. At the conclusion of this exordium he wipes his brows with an embroidered cambric handkerchief; then rings the bell and orders a basin of soup which is served to him in a silver bowl by the servant who answered the door. The agent expresses surprise at his performing this duty—asks him where Pierre, Joseph, and Francois are, to which the lackey replies, without a moment's hesitation, that the first has gone to the bank, the second about the box at the Opera, and the third upon the business of M. le Comte, who called yesterday.

How should the visitor escape being dazzled by such deceitful appearances?—for, they are appearances only; the one footman, he has seen, being Pierre, Joseph, Francois and himself, who, in fact, does everything.

The foregoing is the prologue; now comes the comedy:

The agent—"Monsieur, will you kindly explain the object of your visit?"

Thus called upon, the visitor produces the letter he had received, and at the same time hands the agent his card, saying:

"I had the honor, as you will remember, of writing to you on the subject of the advertisement in the *Figaro* of Wednesday last. When can I be presented to the lady?"

"Excuse me, but you are proceeding a little too fast; allow me, first of all, to ask you a few questions. Have you any profession?"

"No."

"Any fortune?"

"Nothing to speak of; but I have great expectations."

"Umph! How about your antecedents?"

"You are at liberty to make any inquiry you think requisite."

And so the conversation proceeds, kept up by the agent, solely with the object of measuring the precise degree of intelligence which his visitor—soon to be his victim—possessed, and to satisfy himself what precautions it is necessary should be taken, so that he may not be too much compromised, in the event of a subsequent explosion.

Suddenly he rises and produces a book of photographs; refers to the index, and opens the volume to a particular page, where he points out the portrait of a handsome young lady, whose attractions he highly extols. His visitor cannot resist admitting these eulogies to be merited.

A moment of silence now ensues, during which the pair eye each other. The conversation is resumed by the agent, who says, with an air of perfect frankness:

"There is no need to go beating about the bush; let us come at once to the point. In the event of everything being satisfactorily arranged, my terms will be five per cent. up on the dowry."

"That is fair enough."

"Payable, mind, when you receive it."

"I am perfectly agreeable."

And in truth it would be the height of ill-breeding to refuse to pay such a slender commission, asked so courteously by a man who procures you a fortune, of which you stand so greatly in need, and as he assures you, a charming bride, who, though not an object of equal necessity, is still a treasure in herself. The affair is, therefore, settled; but before proceeding further, the agent requires to be insured against his expenses for inquiries, messages, postages etc., which seems reasonable enough. These expenses vary according as the suitor is more or less credulous and the dowry large or small. In the present instance, the agent asks three hundred francs. "For another couple of hundred," he adds, "you may become a subscriber to my establishment for an entire year, which will give you the run of it, and confer on you the right of being presented to all the eligible ladies I have on my books—and I have them mounting up to sixty thousand francs—within that period, until you succeed in suiting yourself."

The gull, in the present instance, being as mercenary as he is simple, pays the five hundred francs, and receives in exchange for his money a memorandum, upon stamped paper, setting forth the conditions of the engagement, and for registering which he is charged another ten francs. Our would-be Benedict now awaits with juvenile ardor the moment when the first interview is to take place.

In a day or two he receives a letter from the agent, making an appointment for him, at No.—Avenue Montaigne. It is needless to say that he dresses himself with scrupulous care, bestows the entire morning, in fact, upon his toilet, and calls to mind all the more graceful compliments that he has heard addressed to fiancées on the stage. His part duly rehearsed, he hastens to the appointment before the prescribed time, and is ushered into the drawing-room.

The agent is awaiting him, and gives him

a few hints respecting the young lady's tastes; she is musical, of course; is an entomologist and manages a three-wheel velocipede, very gracefully, he is told. This will guide him in his selection of subjects for conversation.

The lady soon after arrives, escorted by her aunt, and is found to answer all the expectations raised by her portrait. She glances modestly at her expected lord and master, displays a pair of pretty feet, peeping beneath a coquettish petticoat, as she gathers her robe a *queue* around her, while seating herself, converses charmingly, yet with becoming diffidence, and, indeed, is altogether fascinating. The aunt, too, seems a very nice sort of person, and too strict a chaperone. In due course the interview comes to an end, and the ladies prepare to take their departure, when the dupe proposes to escort them, but finds himself restrained—it would be indicative at the early period of their acquaintance, he is told.

This, however, is not the true reason; the fact is, the ladies do not leave the house, and it is important that the dupe should not know this. Neice and aunt are hired at so much a day, and are clothed and boarded into the bargain. They have every description of toilet necessary to their transformation provided for them, and are of fair or dark complexions, and quiet or coquettish in their attire, according to the tastes of different clients—the aunt, it should be mentioned, has a suppositious "dot" of her own, sufficiently large to tempt the cupidity of the unwary. This facility of being one individual to-day and another to-morrow is not without its advantages, in case the dupe should lodge any complaint; for he would fail to describe the woman accurately, and the authorities would feel themselves embarrassed at the outset.

Every time that the niece and aunt are presented to the client, the footman sets the door-bell ringing with a broom; whereupon the agent announces to his visitor that they have arrived. After the first interview, he insinuates, mildly, that it would advance the negotiation if they were asked to accept of a breakfast, "as at breakfast one speaks more freely, especially after a glass of champagne," and volunteers to use his powers of persuasion to induce them to accept the invitation. "If it can be managed," he adds, "you can then very well offer to escort them home." The agent gives the dupe to understand that the breakfast must take place at No.—Avenue Montaigne, and proposes at provide it for four people for sixty francs; "which is dirt cheap," he observes; "but he has the wine in his cellar, he does not drive bargains with friends."

At breakfast the table is covered with solid cold dishes, in the English fashion—a large joint of roast beef, a ham, and a superb turkey. The ladies partake of the *hors d'œuvres* only, and the side dishes, and firmly refuse when either a slice of beef or turkey is offered them. It is the same with the "sweets," simply because the principal dishes have, like themselves, to be served up again to other subscribers to the Matrimonial Agency in the Avenue Montaigne.

Under one pretext or another, they manage to leave the table before the conclusion of the repast. One of them finds herself indisposed, or the aunt has an appointment with the family notary, or, as a last resource, the agent desires a few minutes' conversation with the dupe, who, at any rate does not see them home. After their pretended departure the agent, while assuring him that everything is progressing most favorably, delicately insinuates that before proceeding further it is absolutely requisite to send to his native place to obtain precise information, not only respecting himself, but his family and connections. The guardians of the young lady insist on this course being taken. An early day is appointed to arrange the preliminaries, and on going to the agent's, the dupe finds the lady and her aunt there—by the merest chance. In their presence a clerk is summoned, and the necessary indications drawn up in writing.

The clerk's expense and time, together twenty francs a day, for say a week, as two days will be consumed in traveling, with eighty francs for railway and diligence fare, will have to be paid. The client hesitates at this new drain upon him, whereupon the aunt in the most natural manner in the world, volunteers to bear half the expenses, and to set the dupe an example, produces her purse, an elegant, knitted bead one, and hands the agent her share. With the view of paying court the dupe admires the purse; is informed—as indeed he surmised—that it was made by the niece, and the acceptance of it is forced upon him by the aunt, who will listen to no refusal. As iron must be beaten while it is hot, the clerk is to start at once; and the client pays his hundred and ten francs.

As the week devoted to the inquiry is drawing to its close, the dupe looks in at the agency to hear if there is any news. The ladies are not there on this occasion, but the agent is, and he takes care to remind him of the purse and the necessity of making a suitable acknowledgment, which, under present circumstances, the more handsome it is, the more, he explains to the dupe, it will be to his advantage; for the niece, he takes care to inform him, will in all likelihood succeed to her aunt's fortune. With the view of not being thought mean, the dupe presents the lady with a diamond worth two hundred and fifty francs, the stone of which, remounted as a pin for the agent, will serve to dazzle future dupes.

Usually, by the time the week has elapsed, the clerk is reported to have fallen ill in the country; has met with a sun-stroke, or been put between damp sheets according to the season of the year. His illness lasts four days, for which another eighty francs have to be paid, as it will look exceedingly mean to ask the aunt to bear her share of this trifling. The dupe, surprised and horrified at this revelation, though regretting the money he has paid, cannot but congratulate himself that this is not, after all, a very great loss. He has paid altogether not so far as he is concerned, but he only retires to make way for some one else equally mercenary and equally foolish.

The Frenchman of good family, who has sown his wild oats and got entangled with usurers, and who seeks a wife to relive him of his debts and to open a new career for him, at any rate, to provide him a place by the fireside where he can repose now that his turbulent course has run itself out, has no need of the services of a matrimonial agent to accomplish the object of his desires. He simply betakes himself to the family notary and inquires of him whether he has among his clients a lady with a dowry, say, of eight hundred thousand francs.

"I have something better than that," replies the gentleman in black; "I have a million and upward, half in land and half on mortgage."

"Bravo! where is the land?"

"In Normandy."

"Capital! What age is your client?"

"Between twenty and four-and-twenty; you understand, therefore, one is in no particular hurry."

"How about her charms?"

"Very pleasant, I assure you; very pleasant."

"Come, out with it; she is as ugly as sin?"

"Nothing of the kind. Her teeth are a little amiss, I admit, but that is all. Besides, what does it matter, pretty or ugly? It's all the same six months after marriage."

"You are right there, and may look upon the business as settled, if you will guarantee that the mortgages are good."

"They are first-class investments—on property worth three millions."

"That's conclusive. Tell me, though, about her family name."

"Well, this is not the brilliant side of the affair. She is the only daughter of a builder, so that she moves in rather a low stratum of society. Her father is of little importance. He will tell you how he came up to Paris in his sabots, and that he has made four millions by the sweat of his brow. Hide from him that you lie in bed until eleven o'clock, as he has a theory that every man who is not up and about at five is a good-for-nothing scamp. As for the mother, providing you get her boxes to see the melodramas that are the rage, she will pardon you everything, even beating her daughter."

"Just so. This worthy couple are of course flanked by any number of relations—uncles, aunts, cousins, and such like?"

"Egad! yes. However, you see them all on the day of the wedding, and next day—"

"Zounds! next day I'll show every living soul of them the door. It is not they who will trouble me."

"Not quite so fast. Listen to me. You must be careful of old Uncle Jalabert. He is seventy-three, asthmatic, without children, and has forty thousand francs a year. He has been in the army, and will recount to you all the campaigns he has been through. Providing you join in his admiration of the great Napoleon, he'll ask nothing further of you. I do not see, too, why you should not pay a little court to Aunt Ursula, and elder daughter, and turned fifty-nine. She will tell you that all men are rascals, not even yourself excepted; still, there is no harm in letting her have her say—it's a relief to her."

"Thank you kindly for all your hints. I'll devote one day to this menagerie. But how do you propose to introduce me?"

"That can be easily accomplished. Come and dine with me and them on Sunday, and by eleven o'clock you'll be betrothed."

"What you say is very fine, but how do you know I shall be accepted?"

"Make your mind easy on that score. If you had not turned up so opportunely, I should have written to you. The parents want to marry the girl and stipulate for a title. You are a Viscount, and everybody knows you go to Compiegne; that's quite sufficient to turn the heads of the entire trading class in France."

"You know that I am in debt?"

"I have no doubt of that. What is the figure?"

"In round numbers, about three hundred thousand—"

"A mere bagatelle! It is only making the Lorient pay toll on entering into the old nobility—a tax upon armorial bearings, in fact."

"It's understood, then—on Sunday next. Good-bye."

On Sunday, the dinner takes place as arranged, and everything comes off exactly in accordance with the notary's programme.

Such a purely business matter is marriage in France, and so thoroughly is it understood, that in this light only are parents accustomed to look at it, and that one finds a French writer jocosely proposing that the government itself establish a grand matrimonial agency, having central offices in Paris, with branches in all the departments and abroad, and which should absorb all the existing agencies, and be administered by a distinct staff of its own, just like any other government agency. Men, distinguished by their tact and the purity of their morals, placed at its head, would, he suggests, inspire confidence in families having daughters to marry. Individuals of the male sex, desirous of having recourse to the intermediation of the agency, would be required to furnish full information respecting their personal appearance, age, state of health, and family connections, accompanied by medical certificates, abstracts of title-deeds, schedules of valuables, extracts from registers, together with legal attestations of regularity of life and moral conduct. The adoption of all these precautions, the writer maintains, would give that degree of moral security to marriage contracts which unhappily they lack at the present day.

As the clergy and magistracy are the two classes best informed in France, and brought most in contact with the people generally, and as, moreover, they are public functionaries, it is proposed that they should be required to furnish the administration of the agency with moral portraits of individuals residing within their jurisdiction, who may be desirous of being inscribed on the register. These, together with the documents before mentioned, as also letters from principals of colleges at which these individuals may have been educated, and certificates from heads of departments or employers under whom they may have served, would all be placed in their particular receptacles. The admirable centralization which renders France an object of envy to other nations, would thereby have new and congenial duties imposed upon it, reassuring in the highest degree to families, and largely conducive to good morals.

A grand photographic establishment might be attached to the central agency, and smaller ones to the agencies in the departments. Families disposed to give dowries of fifty thousand francs would be entitled to inspect two ordinary photographs of candidates inscribed on the registers; one seated, the other in profile. When the dowry mounts up to a hundred thousand francs, portraits might be demanded one-sixth of the natural size; when to two hundred thousand francs, one-fourth life-size, with an equestrian portrait in addition. A dowry of two hundred and fifty thousand francs would be entitled to special photographs of the cranium, to show the state of preservation of the hair, and of the teeth, to attest the condition of the molars and incisors. If required, photographs of both feet and hands would also have to be furnished, to demonstrate that these are of proper aristocratic dimensions. Larger dowries might be entitled to demand portraits of candidates under a variety of special aspects, so as to guard against subsequent

disillusions, such as, in full evening dress with silk stockings and smalls, in dressing-gown and slippers, and even in nightcap, or representing the individual undergoing the painful operation of shaving himself. One can conceive the high position that photography would thus attain to; it would, in fact, become elevated into a social institution of the utmost importance, and would be the means of sparing alike principals and their families from numerous cruel deceptions.

Every proposal inscribed on the books of the agency would require to be accompanied by a demand specifying the amount of fortune and the precise kind of social position which the party making it, aspires to. These would be duly classified, and every week a printed list, dividing them into categories, would be posted up at the Bourse, enabling every one to see at a glance, as it were, the state of the matrimonial market, how many magistrates and other functionaries, military and naval officers, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and employees of every description, there were in search of wives, together with their respective incomes and the dowries they aspired to, as also the number and value of the dowries that were in the market. In due course a market price would be established, subject however to fluctuations, like all other commodities when supply is in excess or falls short of the demand. If, for instance, magistrates should happen to be in great request, their value would rise, and they would naturally aspire to larger dowries. Political and social events would have their effect upon this market as upon all others. A threatened war would cause military men to fall, just as a peace with Cochinchina would send up East India merchants, and in all probability improve the quotations of naval officers. A low state of the public health would raise the rate of doctors in the same way that a new cattle plague would depress the agriculturists. Alterations in the press laws would necessarily elevate or lower journalists, according as these were either mild or stringent. Every one, on opening his newspaper of a morning, would have the satisfaction of seeing his precise quotation in the matrimonial market, and from carefully studying the fluctuations, would be enabled to choose the particular moment when his value was at what he conceived to be its highest point, and could then hasten to sign the marriage contract with the object of—let us hope—his future affections.—London Society.

HOW A DEACON BROKE THE SABBATH-BATH.

A curious incident of Sabbath-breaking occurred in the parish of Hampton, Conn., in the good old time. A certain jolly farmer, who lived several miles from the meeting-house, was astonished to observe one Sunday morning his near neighbor, a pious deacon, hard at work in his hay-field, with his sons and his "hired men." But the truth was soon divined: the deacon, who took no daily paper and owned no almanac,—was, in short, not a literary man,—had mistaken the day of the week, and his well-ordered family had adopted his error. I am sorry to add that, being more of a wag than a saint, our farmer declined to enlighten the innocent Sabbath-breaker, but drove on, chuckling, toward the sanctuary. The deacon looked after him, and, pausing in the midst of the broad swath he was cutting, exclaimed: "Ef there aint neighbor Doolittle, and all the children, dressed up and goin' visitin' Saturday mornin' in the midst of hayin' time. That beats all!"

The next morning the deacon and the deacon's wife, his sons and daughters, his hired man, the hired girl, and the "bound boy," all arrayed in their Sunday best, set out for meeting, in good order—the eldest son on horseback, with the eldest daughter mounted behind on a pillion; the deacon, with the rest of the family, in the big farm wagon, drawn by a pair of stout roans, who jogged soberly along with their meekest Sunday-look on.

The family delusion extended even to the yellow dog, who trotted in the rear of the decorous turnout, without secular frisk, or bark, or gambol.

On the way to the village the deacon was surprised and shocked to see several of his fellow-townsmen at work in their fields. He invariably stopped to reproach them; but the joke of his own Sunday work had spread through the neighborhood, and was so much relished that no one cared to undeceive him. Each farmer's excuse for his impiety was the necessity of getting in his hay before a shower, which he pretended was imminent, though the sky was cloudless. Expostulations and replies were something after this sort:

"Why, Uncle Zebulon! this here is a fine day, with no appearance of rain."

"Jes' so, deacon; but the wind's little unsteady, and I believe in takin' time by the forelock."

"But uncle, it is the Lord's time."

"Yes, deacon; but I intend to send a load of this here hay to Parson Mosely, and that'll make it all square, I guess."

"Why, neighbor Barlow, where under the canopy do you find signs of rain to-day?"

"In the corns, deacon. When they begin to shoot I look out for a damp spell; and it always comes, sooner or later."

"Why, Ephraim Pettigill; I am beat! You horse-shoed on Sunday!"

"Why, you know deacon, 'a marcell man is marcell to his beast.'"

After each spacious response the deacon shook his head mournfully, and drove on. He reached the village, drove up to the meeting-house steps, where he and his hired man handed out the "women-folks" and children—his son and daughter had already dismounted at the horse-block;—and together they marveled much at the closed meeting-house doors and the vacant wagon-shed. There they waited, more and more amazed, till several loungers from the village store gathered around them, laughing and quizzing, till a terrible small boy called out, "What are you doin' here Monday mornin'?"

"Did you sleep over Sunday, or did you forget to put your beans into the oven Saturday night?"

Upon that hint they went riding and driving homeward at quite a festive rate of speed, albeit in a deeply mortified and penitential state of mind.—N. Y. Independent.

SITE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Mr. Welford's letter from London to the Book-Buyer, contains the following interesting passages:

As relating to Biblical subjects, it may be mentioned that Sir Henry Rawlinson, at the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, gave the remarkable announcement that the progress now reached in the collection and arrangement of the Nineveh inscribed fragments, made it beyond a doubt that they would be able to derive the whole of the history given in the Book of Genesis, from the time of Abraham, from the original documents; and it was not too much to expect

that almost the same facts and descriptions would be found in the Babylonian documents, as in the Bible. He hoped very soon to have ready, a paper on the Garden of Eden, in which he would show that it was the natural name of Babylon. The rivers bore the very same names, and the Babylonian documents gave an exact geographical account of the Garden of Eden. The Flood and the Tower of Babel would be found to be most amply illustrated in the Babylonian documents.

This is startling news; some would almost suppose some confusion of ideas in the reporters, as hitherto it has been understood that little progress has been made in the interpretation of the Babylonian inscriptions (as compared with those of Nineveh), owing to the greater complexity of the characters and the large admixture of Hamitic or Turanian element in the language.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

The Poor Irishman Again.—

Two Irishmen stopping at a hotel, lit their gas, and, with windows open, sat down to enjoy a chat. A swarm of mosquitoes soon buzzed in, and drove them desperate. The clerk, who was summoned to devise some defence against them, told them to close the windows and put out the gas. They acted on the suggestion, and played themselves between the sheets. Just as they began to doze, a lightning-bug, which had strayed into the room, caught the eye of one of the travelers. He roused his companion with a punch. "Jamie, Jamie, it's no use! Here's one of the craters sarchin for us wid a lantern!"

An Irish woman who had kept a little grocery shop was brought to her death bed, and was on the point of breathing her last, when she called her husband to her bedside. "Jamie," she faintly said, "there's Missus Mulony—she owes me six shillings." "Och!" exclaimed her husband: "Biddy, darlint, ye're sensible to the last!" "Ye'er darnt; an' there's Missus M'Craw—I owe her half a sovereign." "Och!" he jabsers, and ye're as foolish as ever!"

An Irishman dropped a letter in the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the corner, for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten the delay of this."

Nancy was reading the Bible to her mother, who was industriously knitting. She now and then misread a word. She read as follows: "Now these eight did Milcha bear." "Ye'er darnt; an' there's Missus M'Craw—I owe her half a sovereign." "Och!" he jabsers, and ye're as foolish as ever!"

"Ab, that will do," said the old lady, scratching her nose with her knitting-needle; "Ye might milk a bear, but to milk a boar, my daughter, is impossible."

Some Tall Having.—

When I was young and tender, too,
I had to mind and had to do
Whatever mother bade me do
She used to have a walnut stick
Which kept me on the double-quick,
And that was where she had me.

When older grown, and quite a bean
Among the girls, I used to know
A Miss

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE PRUNING-KNIFE IN THE SPIRITUAL GARDEN.

BY S. B. M'CRACKEN.

Spiritualism holds a moral relation to the world at large, and a moral relation to itself. I take it for granted that a discussion of the latter may be made quite as profitable as that of the former. In this connection, I am pleased to see, in the last number of the *Present Age*, an article from the pen of J. S. Loveland, entitled, "Shall we Have a Code of Discipline?" To this interrogatory I would answer, emphatically, No; and will incur the censure of contradicting myself, by saying Yes, with equal emphasis, in the course of what follows. With the general conclusions of Mr. Loveland's article, I cordially concur. No arbitrary rules of membership and association in Spiritual or other societies, can well be fixed, and such rules, if fixed, cannot be administered with efficacy or impartiality.

First of all, however, I wish to protest against making the tract which was put forth by one Wm. B. Potter, who seems to have assumed the office of moral buzzard and scavenger, as far back as 1866, the standpoint from which to date any discussion of the moral status of Spiritualism. If this man, Potter, were prominently known as a Spiritualist, his facts and assertions would be entitled to respectful treatment by Spiritualists; but, so far as is known, Potter is merely an individual who has voluntarily placed himself in a given position. At best, his fulminations are only those of an individual; and for all that anybody knows to the contrary, he may be an emissary from the camp of the common enemy, sent among the Spiritual ranks to spy out their weak points, and these he may have greatly magnified, in order that his seeming vigilance might secure for him an extra piece of silver. So far as Potter's tract vilifies Spiritualism, let it pass. So far as it vilifies individual Spiritualists, they owe it to themselves to seek out this mythical Dr., if they can find him, and apply the wholesome corrective of the law, in the form of an action for libel, or the more summary corrective of an application of tanned or untanned leather, as the case may be. The crying sin laid at the door of Spiritualism, by Potter and his too willing echoes, is that of free-loveism. Until the term "free love" is honored with a definition, its use should carry with it no moral stigma. Some of the purest-minded men and women in the world, declare themselves in favor of "free love." These use the term understanding what they themselves mean by it, and with them it is a synonym of physical and spiritual purity. "Evil to him who evil thinks." The base-minded give the term a base definition. Men's thoughts on this subject are evolved from their desires. Men are not blamable for the opinions they hold. The opinions of the low, if they be evil, as well as the acts that flow from them, are held in just abhorrence by the pure.

The observing Spiritualist need not go to the outside world to learn that Spiritualism stands greatly in need of a wholesome purgation. It is but too true that a large percentage of those who call themselves Spiritualists, are about as unspiritual a set as could well be found. It is perhaps true that these, in many instances, constitute the controlling element in Spiritual organizations. Spiritualism, up to the present time, has been almost entirely philosophical and factative. These phases, while they may have equally convinced finely organized moral natures, have failed to attract them in large numbers to its support. In the clamor for "freedom," the tendency has been to eschew all organization and all form, and the Spiritual camp has resembled so greatly a mob of crazy bedlamites, as to frighten away, to a great extent, well-ordered spirits. Many vicious men, who either know nothing of, or care nothing for, the laws of spiritual life, have embraced Spiritualism because they found no orthodox hell in its moral code, and who, in their disordered fancy, found in it an excuse and apology for every villainy. They fancied Spiritualism a mazy mesh, where every sweating impulse might find expression, instead of what it really is, the very essence of moral purity. And these errors of opinion which many professed Spiritualists hold, are formed more from the slanders of opposers than from anything inherent in Spiritualism.

The moral aspect of Spiritualism is but just beginning to be developed. The work, so far, has made Spiritualists, rather than Spiritualism. The reapers have been busy. The work of the gatherers is yet to be done. There is an immense mass of human mind that has been drawn into the ranks of Spiritualism—either found floating outside of the churches, or having been detached from them.

Organization and order are demanded by every social consideration, and are inevitable from the nature of things. It is equally in the nature of things that the most advanced and spiritualized minds must contribute the controlling force of organization and the evolution of order. In this regenerating or formative process, the baser elements must go where they belong; but we cannot shut them out of the synagogue. They, no less than the finer elements, are necessary constituents of the Father's great temple. Let the better influences in our ranks come forward and do their work. They will uplift the indifferently good, and make apparent the truth, which we should never lose sight of, that our Spiritual temple, in its structure and constituents, is and must be, all good. This is the "code of discipline" that we need.

Detroit, Mich.

MR. WM. GOULD ON MARRIAGE.

"That 'Wife and Mother' who gave us 'Inside Views of Marriage,'" said: "Our statutes need not be repealed, but changed, as only woman would change them—that is, to reach all cases of the involuntary subjection of woman, in marriage as well as out of it."

I beg pardon, Aunt, but your proposition looks to me like the Southern nabob proposing to alter the laws and adapt them to his peculiar institution of slavery. My position is, that we should abolish the system and institute a better one. We now make a wicked *debauch* of what should be the purest and holiest of all holy offices, the continuation of our species. This is a crying evil; and it needs a thorough reform. We have laws now against some certain kinds of sexual abuse,

but what do they amount to? It rather seems to me it is not much use for a slave to complain, or for a wife either. Suppose a wife should complain of her husband,—would she be likely to be treated any better? And what penalty would you propose? This is a private family matter, but, to avoid abuses, every family should consist of at least one hundred persons. The bees have over a thousand in one family. The Oneida Community has over two hundred souls living in harmony as one family, but they have abolished the old plan of multiplying, and adopted one more in accordance with equal rights, common sense (no, good sense,) and reason. There they own no wives—no husbands, as exclusive property.

"Transitions are painful." It cost much to abolish negro slavery. It may cost much to abolish the slavery of marriage. But it must be done.

Now, reader, you have some of my views of marriage. I am a father of nine living children, and eighteen grandchildren; and I candidly believe that the surest way to make two persons fight, is to fasten them together.

I helped to build the Woman's Home in Chicago, in 1867. Wm. Gould, Bates, Ill.

MAINE SPIRITUALISTS STATE CONVENTION.

The adjourned meeting of the Spiritualists of Maine, for the purpose of forming a State Organization, in order to secure a proper representation at the National Convention, and to promote the good of the cause in this section of the country, met at Congress Hall, Portland, July 29th and 30th. The meeting was called to order by James Furbish, Esq., of the Portland Association.

The following delegates were reported as present:—Jabez C. Woodman, Dr. G. B. Hopkins, Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, E. Fairfield, and J. M. Todd, of Portland; J. J. Norris, of Bradley; J. P. Hill and Samuel Ross, of Saco; Mrs. Atwood, of Auburn; E. M. Allen and Mrs. Lavina Moore, of Ellsworth, from Bono C. P. O. Encampment of Pyramids; S. C. Vyles, of Bucksport, from the Grand Encampment of Pyramids, and Mrs. C. D. Vyles, also of Bucksport, from Zelotes Encampment No. 2.

J. C. Woodman stated the object and designs of the meeting, and, on his subsequent motion, a Committee was chosen to draft a Constitution for the organization, and to draw up suitable resolutions to be presented to the Convention at its Friday morning session. The members of that committee were, J. C. Woodman, Dr. G. B. Hopkins, J. M. Todd, Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Mrs. L. Moore, J. J. Hill and Mrs. S. C. Vyles. After interesting remarks from Dr. Hopkins, Mr. Vyle, J. M. Todd, J. C. Woodman and others, it was deemed expedient to adjourn to half-past seven o'clock, p. m., to await the arrival of more delegates expected.

At the evening session, the Committee on Constitution reported, through their chairman, eight articles, adopted by the Maine State Association, (as published in the *Banner of Light*, July 31st, 1869,) with the following amendments: substituting the word "Maine," in the place of "Illinois," both in the Preamble and Article 1st; also in Article 3d, Section 2, the words "two or more," instead of the word "two"; and all that follows; Article 4th amended by inserting "two Vice-Presidents and an Assistant Secretary;" and Article 7th, Section 2d, the words "due notice," in place of "two months." This Report was taken up, article by article, and, after an animated discussion, adopted as a whole.—A Committee of seven was then chosen to nominate a Board of Officers, for the government of the Association for the ensuing year, and to report Friday morning.—The Convention then resolved itself into a meeting for conference, and Mrs. Lavina Moore, of Ellsworth, spoke, in an entranced condition, to the acceptance of the audience, generally, followed by remarks from Woodman, Vyles, Todd, Smith and Mansfield, when the meeting was adjourned to half-past ten o'clock, Friday morning.

Friday Morning, at half-past ten o'clock, the Convention was called to order by James Furbish. The Committee on Nominations, through their chairman, Dr. G. B. Hopkins, reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year:—J. C. Woodman, of Portland, President; Newell Blake, of Bangor, and Calvin Chamberlain, of Foxcroft, Vice-Presidents; Wm. E. Smith, Secretary; Miss Inez A. Blanchard, Assistant Secretary; Robert J. Hull, Treasurer; and, as Trustees, Asa Hanson, Mrs. Lavina Moore, of Ellsworth and J. W. Mansfield, of Portland. The Report was accepted and finally adopted.

The Committee on Resolutions, through their Chairman, J. C. Woodman, offered the following, which were most heartily adopted, after a close criticism and careful analysis:

Resolved, That we recognize in the modern spiritual manifestations the principle that accounts for all like manifestations, both in the Jewish Scriptures and profane history, so-called, and that the only direct evidence of a future state is derived from this source; and we cordially invite a free discussion to prove or disprove the truth of this proposition.

Resolved, That while we recognize the law of spiritual influx from the higher life, at the same time we are aware of the imperfection of the channels through which it flows and hence it is not infallible, but subject to criticism, and only authoritative as it appeals to the interior consciousness of each individual; therefore,

Resolved, That we will use our best endeavors to elevate the standard of membership, and encourage by every means in our power all earnest and sincere workers in our cause, and discountenance all pretenders and hypocrites whose lives are not in conformity with their teachings, and whose influence tends to the cause of truth.

Resolved, That we recommend to all mediums throughout the State, a cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers of their being, that they may become more efficient workers for the good of others.

Resolved, That we, as a body of Spiritualists, sympathize with the grand philosophy of Spiritualism, and would join heart and hand with reformers in righting the wrong, whether in church or State.

Resolved, That while we recognize Jesus, Socrates, Confucius, and all other reformers, as in some sense the saviors of others, nevertheless, we think it the imperative duty of every man to become his own savior, by living a true life.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, with the proceedings of this Convention, be forwarded to the *Banner of Light*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and *The Universe* for publication.

It was voted that a Committee, consisting of the Board of Officers elect, be empowered to appoint seven delegates to the National Convention, to be held at Buffalo, August 31. The Convention then resolved itself into a meeting for conference, and remarks were made by S. C. Vyles, of Bucksport, Asa Hanson and J. C. Woodman, of Portland, and others, and the Convention adjourned to half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

Friday Evening, the session was opened by singing, by two young ladies, members of the

Children's Progressive Lyceum. The Committee report as delegates to the National Convention:—J. C. Woodman, G. B. Hopkins, J. M. Todd, E. P. Baldwin, E. H. Parker, C. M. Roberts and E. McFadden. The delegates were empowered to elect substitutes, in case of their inability to attend the Convention. Animated discussions upon matters pertaining to the Association occupied most of the evening.

The series of meetings of this Convention have been very well attended, although our numbers were not as large as we could wish; yet, what we lacked in numbers we made up in earnestness. All our deliberations have been characterized by a spirit of harmony and good will, promotive of brotherly love, and a better knowledge of the material and spiritual condition of our cause in this State.

The Convention adjourned to meet in this city, at Congress Hall, September 7, 1869, the week of the New England Fair; and we cordially invite the friends, not only of Maine, but of New England, to meet with us on that occasion. J. C. Woodman, Pres't.

Wm. E. Smith, Sec'y.

"A SIGN FROM HEAVEN."

BY C. ROYNTON.

The papers state that a New Jersey Christian is about to issue an invitation to the whole christian world, to set apart a day and an hour in which God shall be invited to set a sign in the Heavens, as a proof of his own existence, of the truth of the Bible, and, for aught I know, of the efficacy of some special christian nostrum, in which the writer has a sectarian interest,—in the cure of souls. The idea is not a new one, according to scripture, but was successfully carried out by Elijah upon a notable occasion, resulting in the most wonderful example of the complaisance of the deity, ever recorded.

According to the laws of spiritual science, so far as known, unanimity of desire on the part of so large a body of human beings as represent the christian faith, ought to produce some remarkable effect upon the whole spiritual universe; and perhaps if all the believers, and investigators of Christendom should unite in one set prayer, "Lord I now make myself manifest unto us!" the magnetic cable so laid would flash tidings from the great Unseen, so authoritative as to settle at once the important question of its existence, at least.

But how is this unanimity of desire to be attained? Not certainly amongst *p. offenders* of any or all the beliefs.

How many of the prophets of Baal or of God would be willing beforehand that the result should prove them false prophets? Would the Catholic be willing to give up his Immaculate Virgin, or the Protestant be willing to be remanded back to the pastoral care of St. Peter? Would the Presbyterian rest contented with the discovery of a God more merciful than a Caligula, or the Universalist of one who would spend eternity in creating brimstone to feed his unregenerating fires?

No indeed! this could not be; and yet it must be, before that state of feeling could be attained from which a hope might reasonably arise that the prayer would be heeded.

Not among those whose beliefs are already established could the spiritual magnetism circulate, but only among those whose minds are like a white sheet, as yet unwritten upon, but yearning for a message.

The orthodox friend who proposes the trial, would, I have no doubt, be utterly astounded at the result, if the experiment proved successful; and he and I beforehand, could not possibly unite in desiring the same denouement. He would desire a demonstration of his belief; I, of mine.

But supposing a sign should be written across the Heavens, "This is the handwriting of the only one God,"—how many questions would immediately arise in relation to his attributes!

Are you the vengeful and lying God of the Old Testament, or not?—for we have no record of any One-God government, except this. Did you in the beginning establish laws for the government of mankind, and boast all the way, through Moses and Abraham and the Prophet, of their immutability, and then plan out a way by which we could break them and escape the penalty; or is that story all a humbug? Are there three of you, or only one, and if both, why did you so poke men's minds that they cannot see how *can* be true, though you do say it?

Unnumbered other questions, and immediately arise, and the unanimity of desire on the part of man, had it ever been possible, would be shattered into all the shreds of individual characters.

But supposing, in addition to the above writing, should be the words—"And the Bible is a true record of my will and character and dealings with man."

Then indeed would arise such a wonderful searching of the Scriptures, as would confound all the divinity schools in Christendom.

Tom, Paine would immediately be found to have been the wisest D. D., and the Age of Reason would be the text book most sought after. God Almighty himself would be put to shame by the contradictions therein discovered, and the low propensities and inhuman attributes therein ascribed to him, and mankind be left in the same sea of doubt, or led into the same wilderness of errors, it wandered through in the dark ages. No, my christian friend of New Jersey. Your plan will never work. The existence of a deity has never been doubted by any man in the world's history. It has only been the existence of such a deity as the blindness and selfishness of the priesthood has attempted to fasten upon us, that is denied by any.

As soon as the world casts off the false teachings of the self-constituted interpreters of His will, and studies His character, by the aid of positive Science only, in his works, then will the "book" which He has written with His own hand, and of which leaf after leaf is being turned over every day and read and interpreted by the men who know far more of Him than did Moses or the prophets, be better understood, and its precepts better obeyed.

The interpretation of part first—the physical part of this book—is about finished. "Nearly all the great principles which lie at the foundation of physical science and relate to this world, we have reason to believe, have been discovered; but the work of polishing and settling in order in the *tirra*, which is to crown it king over all things but its Maker, will last till the last man. Physical science has conquered the Earth, while mankind has girdled it around, and met together, at the antipodes of its birthplace, in fraternal embrace, upon the shores of the Pacific.

Part second of the great book, of the existence of which we have heretofore had but traditionary and uncertain evidence, is about to be opened to her eagle eye, and the laws and modes of spiritual existence classified and put in order.

Of these laws, Moses and the prophets

though subject to them, knew no more than do we. A "manifestation," as an eclipse of the sun, was, to them, an unaccountable occurrence, on which they placed such an interpretation as was dictated by fear, or selfishness, or a desire to influence others to follow their ways; or, it was an instruction pertaining to some particular act or exigency, that arose under those secret laws, in which spiritual intelligence took an interest.

I do not blame the physical scientists of the day, for refusing to enter upon the obscure and tiresome road that must be traveled before any one can set a boundary, or map out a possession.

All of them have won distinction by attending to one thing only—by conning one leaf only, of the soon-to-be-finished first part. Most of them have been led to a contempt of the whole subject, by viewing the follies of believers without evidence.

The Bacon of the science of the laws of un-gravitating matter, as a distinct study, has, perhaps, not yet arisen, and the inductive system may not be the only one applicable to such a study. But this is the only one in which they have been trained, and out of it they would be but children. Let them rest upon their laurels, if they can be content with their knowledge, till, in another eternal field, they start anew, up a brighter and wider pathway toward the great First Cause.

No more honorable order of Priesthood has ever yet entered the penetralia, or communed with God in the secret recesses of his natural kingdom; but, to their conclusions, drawn from the laws which are the only ones they know, should be paid no more regard than to those of any other intelligent and candid investigator.

But a new order of priesthood will arise, before which all previous hierarchies will have to bow; a priesthood whose oracles will be demonstrable facts, classified and arranged in a liturgy, not drawn from obscure and uncertain, or—as in part now—most certainly false records; but capable of proof, as far as it goes; and whose last article shall be, "Go; seek ye further of the Kingdom of God, and of his righteousness, for now ye know it all!"

"MARRIAGE REFORM—NOT ABOLITION."

REPLY TO "A WOMAN."

Madam:—

Permit me, in all kindness, to criticize your article in *THE UNIVERSE* of August 14, entitled "Marriage Reform—Not Abolition." I wish to show you wherein we differ, and wherein we agree; that you call a thing by one name, and I by another,—yet it is all one thing; that when you say "Marriage Reform," and I "Abolition," we differ much less in meaning, than in form of expression; that in this verbal difference, we each represent a distinct class of persons; and that, while it is of minor importance to you and me to know that we differ, it is vastly important that these two large classes know that they agree—that there may be less of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" amongst us.

Space will not permit me to quote you in full, but I will endeavor to do you no injustice in my condensed statement of your ideas. You say in effect: "Admitting that our present marriage is, in all the higher aspects, the grave of love, as is abundantly proved by observation and experience, is it therefore certain that the expunging from the statute-book of all laws relating to marriage would result in thoroughly pure and noble relations between the sexes? No! Therefore marriage should be honored and perpetuated." (Such, you leave us to infer, is your silent answer.)

Now let us suppose some apologist for a certain other "Divine Institution" of former days, to be discussing the following subject: "Slavery Reform—Not Abolition;" and suppose he should treat it after the following manner, which is still fresh in your memory: "Admitting that slavery is the grave of Freedom, which it is; is it therefore certain that its abolition would result in thoroughly free and just relations between the races? It is not. Therefore, Slavery should not be abolished."

"However, great improvement may and should be made *inside* of Slavery. Hitherto it was believed that slavery annihilated man's control of his own body and soul—of his own person, thoughts and action. But the slave should be taught that true slavery is not intended to interfere, in any way, with his inalienable rights, or his personal liberty. He should be instructed in trades and professions, so that when he finds himself badly enslaved, he can quietly, and without fear of dependence or starvation, take his destinies into his own hands again, and in order to make such action on his part legal, more rational emancipation laws should be enacted."

Now we have no quarrel with such a man for calling himself a "Reformer" of slavery, but if we should hear of his being hung by a pro-slavery mob, we should consider him unfortunate in making himself too well understood, and we would feel inclined to censure his persecutors much more severely for murdering him, than for calling him an "abolitionist." Now let us examine this (your) course of reasoning as applied to "our present marriage," using your definition of it instead of the name, which age, through a superstitious veneration, has clothed with false virtues, while long familiarity has blinded us to its vices. You say:

"Vast improvement is possible *inside* of the grave of Love." Very many, whose "love lies buried there," are only bowdlerizing to see that they have a right to hold sacred to purity and health their own bodies and their own souls. Hitherto it was believed that "the grave of Love" annihilated a woman's control of her own person, thoughts and actions. Certainly, before the chains are entirely removed, it would be advisable to bring up our daughters to learn trades and professions whereby they can be self-supporting; so that when they find themselves truly 'buried in the grave of love,' they can, without dependence or fear of starvation, take their destinies into their own hands again. Liberty of self-support, and more rational divorce laws, we shall have to begin with."

With all respect, Madam, let me ask, how far short of "abolition" does your "reform" stop? What single point of resemblance to our present "grave of love" is there in a marriage, that a woman can enter without compromising a single one of her rights, abandon at will without losing her reputation, and invoke the sanction of a "rational divorce" to give a shade of legality to the harmless farce? Over such a marriage, glorified mortal might sing:

"Oh! where, where is thy victory—
"Oh! I death, where is thy sting."

You, my unknown but esteemed friend may call it "reform," but please allow me to call it "abolition." We can afford to differ in the use of terms, while we are firmly united in the resolve that there shall be "no compromise with death, no league with hell," and no concessions over the "grave of Love."

ISAAC T. LLOYD.

OBEDIENCE TO NATURAL LAW.

BY THOMAS W. DEERING, M. D.

In this age of the world, and especially in America, people are, to a great extent, extremists and partialists, or, more properly speaking, extreme partialists. They are too prone to *hobbyism*. They get an idea, and run it till they run it out. They run it irrespective of all other ideas, as if there were not an idea but itself in existence. They imagine that they can reach any and every goal through its agency, regardless of all opposition. They are like a person trying to bore through a mammoth rock with a small hand-gimlet. The tool is not adapted for the work. It may be a splendid tool, of fine manufacture, exquisite finish, and bear the name of some notable factory, but it will not suffice to make a hole in the granite. Apply it to a plank, an inch thick, and it speedily makes its way through it. That you can make a hole through a plank with it, is no reason why you should attempt to force it through rock. "But," says the laborer, "I must be boring, and this is the only tool I am conversant with, and I will keep boring away with it; don't talk to me of other tools or means! I know that by this means I have made holes, and I am determined to make the rock succumb."

Such is the career of many reformers. They have found the key of one department of the reform-world, and they are trying to unlock the other doors with the same key. All the doors require keys to open them, but not the same key. The church has opened one door, and by the same means she is trying to spring the locks of all the rest; but her efforts are futile, for the means applied is not adequate. Legislation has opened a gate, and is employed in setting things in her department to rights. Geology has dismembered the deep long-hidden secrets of her department. Health Reform is renovating and getting to rights the vascular portion of the edifice. Phrenology has demonstrated to us the beauties of the superior apartments. And Spiritualism has shown us the bright and shining dome that surmounts the whole.

It takes all the departments, divisions, and sub-divisions, to make the whole; and each division is complete within itself, but bears a normal relation to each and every other part. A knowledge of one part, does not give acquaintance with the rest, although we may be enabled by analogy to form some opinion of the rest. Each part is requisite to its completeness.

The Church embraces but a small division. Legislation covers but a small portion of the ground. Health-Reform embraces a large area, but not the whole. Phrenology is necessary but it is not the edifice. And Spiritualism does not embrace it all.

Those who have the key to only one department of truth, have not the means of knowing all. All sciences and reformatory measures are but parts of one great whole.

To attain to permanent advancement, one needs to become conversant with the laws of the several divisions, and to eschew none. Striving to attain to a condition of progression, advancement by living in conformity with the laws of one department, and at the same time violating those of others, is labor for naught. It is like a boy attempting a knowledge of the higher mathematics, by ignoring an acquaintance with the numerals. Futile as are such efforts, we see them put forth every day.

We see temperance reformers trying to annihilate the demon rum by just one means—moral suasion—ignoring physiological and phrenological laws, openly violating them. We see in our insane asylums, phrenological, physiological and pathological laws, trampled under foot, in trying to restore sane conditions to their unhappy inmates. We see physicians at the bed-side, poisoning, slaughtering their patients out of mundane existence, to recruit their physical conditions. And we find Spiritualists trying to mount to sublimely ideal realms, trying to have beautiful spiritual conditions exist in and around them, and, at the same time living in open violation, and knowingly, too, of the laws of their being.

As a knowledge of orthography, etymology, syntax, etc., is requisite to an advanced understanding and appreciation of literature, so a knowledge of and obedience to, the laws of the physical and mental conditions of our being, of social laws, etc., is requisite, necessary, to the attainment of an advanced spiritual condition.

We are placed upon this plane of life for a certain development. To get that development, we must conform to certain laws and ordinances, in the very existence of matter pertaining to this plane. There is no getting this requisite condition of development through the violation of the laws pertaining to it. It can be had by conformity and obedience to them, and through no other source. The fulfillment of each division or department of existence, enforces itself upon us.

The violation of any law necessitates punishment. Nature never reprieves. She always carries out the full measure of her punishment to the letter of the law. The fulfillment of certain laws, be they physical, mental, or spiritual, are requisite to a certain degree of advancement. She has not provided any means whereby we can attain that degree or condition, but their fulfillment; and if we never fulfill them, we can never attain to it. Now, Earth—life—with its physiological and phrenological laws, is a state imposed upon us, for a certain development. If, then, we depart this sphere without a knowledge of our orthography, so to speak, can we expect to attain to a classical or correspondent condition? But, say some, "we can better learn those things when in the next sphere; when we will not have so much to contend with." Admitted, that you can learn them, then, but you can never learn them as you should have done, for they are better suited to other conditions and times. The learning of the rudiments pertain to youth, and not to advanced age. What one should learn here, can be best learned here, and nowhere else can we do it as well. Thus it is with our advancement and development into the spiritual. We are placed here to conform to certain laws; and if we violate them, we can never remedy the result of the violation. Retardment is always an attendant result of violated law. To illustrate: A student in his Freshman year, neglects to become acquainted with certain rudimentary principles; when he becomes a Sophomore, he sees the error of his way, and before he can make advances with has to go back, and become acquainted with them. He does not take cognizance of them in the same manner as he should have done. He learns them, not to advance, but because he cannot advance without a knowledge of them. This same principle holds good, as relates to spiritual development.

Every violation of law, no matter in what

state of existence, affects us through all time. Physical laws can best be obeyed while we are in the physical. Else nature is a species of anarchy. The antagonisms and oppositions that we meet with, are in a measure consequent upon that condition; and oftentimes are our aid. 'Tis always easier to do right, than wrong. It is easier to live in accordance with law, than in violation of it.

(Concluded next week.)

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—The Pope is sorry that the Protestant clergy won't be unemancipated.

—A new Roman Catholic school is to be established in Kenosha, Wis.

—Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to "preach cream and practice skim milk."

—A Massachusetts church makes a bid for popularity by advertising "no pew rents and no collections."

—The Rev. Benjamin Hawkins, a colored clergyman, is in the New Albany, Ind., jail, for receiving stolen goods.

—Cincinnati has the best almshouses in the world. It is to be hoped that her churches are none the less costly for the fact.

—Some of the New York churches have the contribution boxes passed around by handsome young ladies, and it pays handsomely.

—The Marshalltown (Iowa) City Fathers have passed an ordinance prohibiting any labor on the Sabbath day, except of charity and mercy.

—The Puritan Congregational Church, of Brooklyn, have laid the corner-stone of a new church edifice, to be built of brown and Ohio light stone, at a cost of \$150,000.

—A man calling himself W. H. Drummond was arrested at Covell, Ill., on Saturday, for robbing a church. He was found with the books and lamps of the church in his possession.

—A new Unitarian congregation has been organized in Washington, to be known as "The Free National Church of Christ." It is designed that it shall in every sense be a free church.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada numbers 208 ministers and 19,559 members. They have 228 Sunday Schools, and 11,207 scholars, 292 of whom were converted during the year.

—A six thousand dollar organ has been ordered for the Central Presbyterian Church of Des Moines, Iowa. This will not interfere with the hand-organs of starving soldiers and destitute women.

—Bishop Bayley, of Newark, has been presented with \$5,000, wherewith to attend the Vatican Council; also, with an address in Latin, to the Pope, by the clergy and some of the laity of his diocese.

—Nearly eight thousand persons were at the Methodist State Camp Meeting on Sunday, at Dawson, twelve miles east of Springfield, Ill. More than one hundred ministers were in attendance at the meeting.

—The wooden nutmeg state is back-sliding. Farmers make a regular practice of working on the Sabbath. An exchange says that as many as half a dozen loads of hay went by one church, last Sunday, during service.

—An English naval Chaplain was eagerly asked by a partisan on his return from a long cruise, whether his floating chapel was high church or low church. "That," he replied, "depends entirely upon the state of the tide."

—The European Jews, at a late synod, confessed the primary importance of free scientific investigation, the supremacy of individual opinion in religion, and a disbelieve in the final restoration of the Israelitish power. Go it, Abraham! you are coming out all right!

—It is said the Pope's physician and surgeon are always near him when he appears in public on the throne. The latter stands on wheels which run on a railway. When he is taken ill, he is instantly pushed back into his sick-chamber, where his body is ministered unto.

—The *Watchman and Reflector* suggests that the Rev. Murray, on his return from the Adirondacks, preach from the text, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" or, "Who hath believed our report?" The latter would not be a bad text for a great many ministers of to-day.

—A clergyman in Iowa City preaches three times every Sunday, each time in a different locality, and during the week cultivates a farm of 160 acres. 160 clergymen all around

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"STUDENT."—The pay of college presidents and professors depends on the prosperity of the institution and the liberality of the trustees. Hillsdale College, Mich., has a yearly attendance of half a thousand students, and pays its president only \$1,200 per year, and its professors \$900. The Michigan State University pays its president \$2,500, and its professors \$1,500 and \$2,000. This institution is very prosperous, and has help from the state. Amherst College, Mass., has 250 students, and pays its president \$3,000, and its professors \$2,000. Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., pays its president \$2,500 and its professors \$1,800, and gives them houses to live in.

"SAM."—Your chirography and orthography are good, and your story isn't bad; but you run all the paragraphs of your dialogues together, as if you were afraid of wasting paper. Do you think, Sam, that we have nothing to do but re-arrange and straighten out the jumble you send us? Remember that printers "follow copy," and in writing for the press, always imitate, as far as possible, the various forms of paragraphing, etc., as you see them in printed matter. Now try it again.

"J. H. TRIM."—Emanuel Swedenborg supposed that he conversed with angels, and with God himself. He held that whatever happens in this world has already happened in a world of spirits, situated between heaven and hell. He published several works in defense of his doctrines, among which are "Treatises on the New Jerusalem," "Spiritual Influx," and "The White Horse of the Revelation." He has been dead nearly a hundred years.

"H. SLAYTON."—You think God took the child away because its parents idolized it, do you? Well, since you've asked us what we think, we'll tell you. We think that if God is the good, wise being you consider Him, He could have found a thousand better ways of bringing sad parents to the right state of mind, than by killing the child. We think a great many more babies die of croup than of special providence.

"BARD."—This young gentleman, who evidently has not yet "cut his eye teeth," in a literary point of view, sends us a "poem," which is not divided into stanzas, verses, or anything else, to speak of. He commences at the top of his paper, and fills every line to the bottom occasionally dropping in a rhyme, "to pepper the thing," as he confidentially informs us. Since he has peppered it, we will "salt" it, among our curiosities of English literature.

"BOWLER."—We fail to see what sin there is in rolling balls in a bowling alley. It is a good exercise, and cultivates some important intellectual developments. If however a young man can not bowl without stimulating at the commencement of each game, "to keep his nerves steady," he had better be somewhere else.

"TIMOTHY."—Robert Burns for the most part maintained a spirit consistent with his noble song of "A Man's Man for A' that;" but we never liked his accepting of that place in the Excise. He was, however, at that time reduced to great pecuniary straits, a fact for which allowance should be made.

"DONATIONS."—We have heard ministers of the gospel advance the idea that God demanded conversions rather than church donations, or "obedience before sacrifice," but we have never seen a clergyman who was not considerably in favor of the sacrifice, after all, when it passed through his hands.

"PEDDLER."—Of course you are respectable, as long as you are honest. A peddler has just as much right to take pride in his profession, as a merchant in his. It is a pity that rogue-peddlers have contrived to throw over your calling a feeling of distrust in the minds of the people.

"T. MERWIN."—You suggest that cotton mills be introduced into the South. Northern enterprise is performing that work, to quite an extent. According to the latest reports, Georgia has 47 cotton mills; South Carolina, 40; and there are also many mills in North Carolina.

"L. L. B."—It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the late eclipse has any present effect upon the weather. The woman you mention, who "prophesied that the sun would never shine so brightly after," we know to have been mistaken having seen and felt to the contrary.

"J. TILMAN."—The custom of burying the dead with heads toward the west, arose from a popular belief that the final resurrection party would come from the east, and the defunct sleepers could more easily rise and face it, from that position, than from any other.

"RALPH TABOR."—You must learn to distinguish between the literary ability and moral character of a writer. Byron's genius was not less bright for his immoralities. Virtue is a godly thing, but, unfortunately, it does not always go with ability.

"HINSDALE."—We are not "responsible for the sentiment of all communications." We are responsible for anything in our editorial columns.

"N. CLARK."—Thank you for your efforts. They are emulated by hundreds of others, who are determined to give THE UNIVERSE the largest circulation of any paper in the West.

"MAGGIE."—Lucretia Davidson was no doubt the author of the poem "Old Bachelors at Auction," although it has been claimed by the friends of Seba Smith ("Major Jack Downing") as coming from his pen.

"R. R."—"Ten Nights in a Bar-room" was written by Mr. T. S. Arthur. You will probably find it at your village book-store; if not we can get it for you.

"ZACH."—We can not tell you whether the first-named firm is *bona fide* or not. As to the last, you may depend upon them—as the very refinement of humbuggery.

"ADELL."—When people in general say (referring to poetry) *verse*, they mean *stanzas*; and when they say *line*, they mean *verse*.

"BEN."—The different systems of Phonography all have their champions. Graham's and Pitman's are the two most prominent.

"G. M. S."—There are two German daily papers published in Chicago,—the "Staats Zeitung," and the "Abend Zeitung."

"MAX."—You will find mention of "Samuel Veller," in both "Pickwick Papers" and "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"H. H. KNIGHT."—When a word is spelled two different ways in the dictionary, we always prefer the shorter.

"CLARENCE."—It is now quite generally admitted that William Tell was a myth.

"H. BARBER."—You can find the information you ask, in any arithmetic.

"LUCIA."—The manuscript is received, and will be presented to the parties you name.

"J. CHAPMAN."—The post-office address of John G. Whittier, is Amesbury, Mass.

No pen-up continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 28, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

All writers and correspondents for THE UNIVERSE should address their communications to the Managing-Editor, or, simply, "The Universe, Chicago, Ill." If addressed to the Editor-in-Chief personally, they cannot be attended to during his absence. Especially should nothing relating to subscriptions or other business be addressed to him, for the same reason.

THE UNIVERSE as a business enterprise is no experiment. As the *Chicagoan* it long since established a wide reputation and a fair business success, and since the enlargement and change of name the receipts of subscriptions have been unexpectedly large, single names and clubs of subscribers coming to us from all quarters of the United States, from Maine to Florida and California.

We give liberal remuneration, in either premiums or cash commissions. In another place will be found a list of nearly one hundred different Premiums. They are articles of known value, and are rated at their regular retail prices, which are in some cases nearly the full amount of the subscription money required. For instance, for only 30 subscribers and \$75 (the regular price), we give a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, regular price, \$60!

NOTE FROM OUR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

SAFE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

ABOARD THE "CITY OF BROOKLYN,"
OFF QUEENSTOWN, AUG. 9, 1869.

MY DEAR LEWIS:—We are now cruising along under the southwest coast of Ireland. The fields and mountains of the "Emerald Isle" look finely through the glass. After ten days passed on the deep, tossed by giant waves, rest assured that the solid earth looks good.

Before night we shall land a few hours at Queenstown, the extreme southern point of Ireland—then less than twenty-four hours brings us to Liverpool.

Our passage has been safe, and, on the whole, comfortable; why not—since our trust was in God and his guardian angels?

I have kept a full pencil sketch of each day's sights, scenes and reflections. These I will write out, and forward for THE UNIVERSE by the first steamer.

Blessings on you all!

Truly thine,—

J. M. PEEBLES.

—MR. PEEBLES' "Ocean Journal" will be commenced in our next issue. Mr. P. may be addressed in care of A. Leighton, Esq., 33 Chapel Walks, Liverpool, Eng.

THE GLASS IN WHICH WE ARE SEEN.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, formerly of this place, who, with Rev. A. B. Call and Rev. C. L. Balch, was excommunicated from the ministry of the Universalist Church last spring, for preaching Spiritualism, publishes a two-column reply in THE UNIVERSE of Aug. 7, a vile free-love paper of Chicago. He denounces the Universalist Church as "the most bigoted sect in the United States," and outbursts it thus: "O, full of all subtlety and all mischief; thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right way of the Lord?" All of which seems pretty severe upon a sect that means to be and boasts of being the most liberal of all denominations.—*Sycamore Republican*.

The communication of Mr. Barrett, above referred to, was first published several months ago in the *American Spiritualist*, of which he is one of the editors, and was copied by us because of the interest taken in that gentleman by our readers. His article shows that he can manage his affairs without asking permission of the Universalists, or consulting the editor of the *Sycamore Republican*. This editor, wishing to say something that shall please the appointed of a now "respectable church"—straining after a charge of some kind, though at his wits' end to find any—tries to blacken our excommunicated brother by the fling that he has published his review in "THE UNIVERSE—a vile free-love paper of Chicago." We venture to say that Mr. Barrett has not considered it a disgrace to have his articles copied in THE UNIVERSE. Who is this editor?—a maudlin politician?—a parroting liturgist?—a tool of party and sect, orthodox in profession for the sake of orthodox patronage?—a caterer to varnished vices? There is a safe rule by which to measure all such individuals. Every foul-mouthed sport in the land—every adulterer that sports in the garb of religious fashion—every free-luster, crouching in polluted churches, as if to escape the terrible criticism coming from the angels who read their secret iniquities—is shocked at agitation calculated to destroy social oppression and present them before the gaze of earth and heaven, just as they are—a pandering crew of poltroons, upholding legal adultery, and dogging every reformer, when they themselves are the ravishers of virtue. The villainess which certain men see in others is the reflection of their own inner life. Selfish, sordid, tyrannical men see all others so. A thief is always suspicious of his neighbors. A fashionable sensualist is very select, very genteel, very virtuous, very pious, and the first to slander—full of jealousy, hypocrisy, and foul as a painted sepulcher. Doubtless the editor of the *Sycamore Republican* breathes a little easier, now that he has expressed his sentiments.

—We offer a choice of a copy of Mrs. Adams' "Dawn," Mrs. Corbin's "Rebecca" or Anna Dickinson's "What Answer," for two new subscribers, sent with money, \$5.00

WHO ARE THE ANGELS?

Not only the Old and New Testaments of Christians, but Lepsius' "Book of the Dead," the Vedas, and all Asiatic bibles, speak of disembodied beings—*angels*, under different names. Who were they? what their origin?—are common inquiries.

Brought to the test of criticism, there is not a verse or chapter in our King James' Version of the Scriptures, that can be tortured to teach that God ever created a distinct order of beings celestial, calling them angels. On the contrary, those ascended personages—ministers of the Divine Intelligence, were recognized, when visiting earth, as having the form and general appearance of men. They conversed like men, and about things that related to men; thus showing that angelhood is only an exalted state of manhood and womanhood. The poet Young, in an inspired moment, caught and penned the true idea:

Why doubt ye then the glorious truth to sing?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
And men are angels loaded for the hour.

Of those angels appearing to Abraham, it is distinctly said—"Three men stood by him."

When the angel appeared to Sampson's mother, she declared that "a man of God came to her, and his countenance was like the countenance of the angel of God." The angel appearing to the prophet Daniel is termed "the man Gabriel." One of those angelic presences, appearing to the Marys on that famous resurrection morning, is denominated a "young man," clothed in white raiment. The etherialized form of that immortal being who appeared to the apostle on the Isle of Patmos, was so bright and glorious, that John was about to fall down and worship him. But the angel, forbidding, declared himself one of his "brethren the prophets"—Elijah or Moses—perhaps Christna, Confucius, or some of the Persian Magi. To further elucidate the thought, we refer to Rev. xxi. 17: "He measured the wall of the holy Jerusalem a hundred and forty-four cubits, the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."

Pure love is immortal. Memory, the "un-dying worm" that gnaws; or the unfading flower that blooms to scatter holy incense, accompanies mortals to the future life. Soul-sympathy is imperishable. The sympathy of angels with man is deep and permanent, from the fact, that on this, or some of the other planets that constitute the astral universe of the Infinite, they wept and smiled, stumbled and rose, suffered and rejoiced, passing through the common experiences of all the children of earth, on their translation to the upper kingdoms of immortality. Once of earth—now the "gone before," peopling the heavens, they clearly remember earthly scenes. Their gentle, loving natures throb for our good. Said Jesus—"There is joy in heaven, among the angels, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance."

Nature, orderly, is ever upward in tendency—onward in her eternal march. The method is from cell to combination, from combination to the more complex and symmetrical structure. The seed—then the tender plant, rooted in the earth, and afterward the tree, branching out and up into the free, fresh atmosphere, as fragrant with blossoms as prophetic of ripening fruitage. So in the human kingdom—the infant, the man, the spirit, the angel.

MOSES' ARK, AND THE DAVENPORTS' CABINET.

Mediumship gleamed at intervals in the most remote ages. The Media of Asia made use of arks, tripods, tables, alphabets, and verbal imitations, as means to obtain communication from the ascended gods. Aside from inspirations, impressions, trance and vision, a portion of our modern mediums employ cabinets, planchettes, dials, tables, etc. Moses was an excellent Hebrew medium. Jehovah, his controlling spirit-guide, was originally an Egyptian priest, called Je-ho-ka when on earth. The Gnostics affirmed that Jehovah was "an angel." This Jehovah, angel, or spirit, commanded Moses according to Josephus, to construct an ark, sacred to him, "of wood, naturally strong and that could not be corrupted" (Jos., C. vii., p. 88.) Its length was five spans. The cover was united to it by golden hinges, and thereon "were two images, which the Hebrews called cherubim. These are flying creatures, but their form is not like that of any of the creatures which men have seen, though Moses said he had seen such beings near the throne of God." (Jos. B. III., C. viii.; p. 89.) In a further description Josephus says:

"But in the holy place he placed a table like those at Delphi: its length was two cubits, and its breadth one cubit, and its height three spans. It had feet, also, the lower parts of which were complete feet, resembling those which the Danians put to their beds; but the upper parts, toward the table, were wrought into a square form. The table had a hollow toward every side, having a ledge of four fingers depth, that went round about like a spiral, both on the upper and lower part of the body of the work. Upon every one of the feet was inserted a ring, not far from the cover, through which went bars of wood beneath, but gilded, to be taken out upon occasion, there being a cavity where it was joined to the rings; for they were not entire rings, but, before they came quite round, inserted into the prominent part of the table, and the other into the foot; and by these it was carried when they journeyed."

Delphi was the city where the Pythian gods and goddesses established their oracles. Pytho was the ancient name of the town of Delphi. Tripods were in quite as common use then, as planchettes now. Dryden sung of them thus:

Two Tripods cast in antique mould
With two great talents of the finest gold.

From these tripods, or triple-footed seats, the priests and priestesses delivered their oracular answers and prophecies. Now mark: Josephus, who is authoritative among Christians, informs us that Moses put in the "holy

place" "a table like those at Delphi,"—those at Delphi! What is the inference from this? Can any other be legitimately deduced than that the Hebrew and Grecian methods of receiving oracular communications were almost, if not entirely, identical?

This tripod, or "table, like those at Delphi," was carried by the Jews, according to Josephus, "when they traveled." If so, why should not the Davenport Brothers be allowed to carry their "Cabinet," and other gentlemen their "dials" and "planchettes"? We inquire on purely Bible grounds. To the thinker, book religion, even though labeled "holy," can be no more sacred than tripod, cabinet or planchette religion.

"DOING THEIR WORK."

That is not properly the question—"their work." The legitimate inquiry is, Are they doing a genuine work; the right work of true men and women; a noble work approved of the good on earth, and in heaven? The mechanic is known by his machine, and orchards by the fruits that burden their bending branches.

It is grand to contemplate optimism from the stand-point of the deep thinker; but any loose, illogical, illy-explained system of optimism that lumps moral qualities and immoral tendencies into one conglomerated mass—that seeks the destruction of all distinctions between vice and virtue, and inferentially says, that pirates, murderers, thieves, sensualists, vampires, impostors, are "doing their work," thus implying that their work is legitimate, orderly, beautiful and divine, is deserving of little consideration. The advocates and adherents of such a theory are entitled only to pity.

That pirates, impostors, and all such characters, are doing a "work" is very evident; and so is the inebriate doing a work, when he pours into his body poisoned liquors. This work fruits out in blotches, diseases, poverty, wretchedness, and a general dwarfing of the moral nature. Had not all such work better be left undone? Is there no way to the enjoyment of the heaven of temperance, purity, and harmony, save through the winding way of drunkenness and debauchery? Such a dogma is

"A monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

It is quite time for Spiritualists to sift the chaff from the wheat, the sense from the nonsense afloat in their name, and gathering up their precious truths, now "lying around loosely," put them into shape and system for acceptance and practice.

"ORTHODOXY" CHALLENGED.

The Scientific and Free Religious Association of Chicago (Rev. C. L. Balch, pastor) have challenged, through the daily journals, any or all of the clergy of Chicago, evangelical or liberal, to a public discussion of the following question:—"Have we any sufficient guide for human conduct other than reason?" Up to this writing no answer has been received. It remains to be seen whether the clergy will be guilty of the cowardice of preaching against Free Thought, and yet reject every proposition for a fair and manly public discussion.

The fact is that this challenge places the clergy in an awkward dilemma, for if they accept they virtually give up their side by submitting practically their Bible and Religion to the arbitrament of the public reason. If, on the other hand, they decline, the people will inevitably interpret the same as the acknowledgement of the weakness of their position.

Surely, Free Thought is beginning to be a power in the land.

A Dress Reform Basket Pic-nic will be held at Panderson's Pond, South Newbury, Ohio, on Wednesday, Sept. 8th. An address will be delivered by Mrs. J. H. STILLMAN SEVERANCE, M. D., of Milwaukee, who, for nearly twenty years, has been a practical dress reformer. Those who attend (and a general invitation is extended to all reformers) are respectfully invited to assume, at least for the occasion, a costume appropriate to the purpose of the gathering. We presume those who will appear in full masculine habiliments,—which Mrs. STANTON declares should be worn by all women—will not be excluded.

The American Association of Spiritualists meets in Convention at Kramler Hall, Buffalo, on Tuesday next. A remarkably stormy time is anticipated among the elements that the occasion will bring together, but the agitation, although disintegrating in its character, will nevertheless do much good. A National Convention of the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum is to commence at the same Hall on Thursday next.

Written for The Universe.

THE UNIVERSE.—AN ACROSTIC.

Janetied the vision and pained the strength,
Marking the victims in old Error's train,
Plashing about in the filth, 'til at length,
Even the cleanest will show its dark stain!
Every champion firm in our might,
Battling with error in all its dark forms,
Let us in harmony ever unite,
Every vestige of wrong to make right;
So shall our labor be free from all storms,
Hail then, co-workers in every clime;
Nought when united our march can withstand!
Friendship our motto, the present our time,
Lift the downtrodden in every land!
Every one in his own proper sphere,
Work with a will, 'til we conquer the foe;
Idleness never will do for us here,
Sift the pure wheat from the chaff as we go.

Under the light that now gleams from above,
Night fades away and the day draweth nigh,
Ignorance falls 'neath the weapons of love;
Virtue ne'er compromised truth with a lie,
Every lust, hatred, selfishness, all
Run, as sweet charity shows her kin'd face,
Swift her bright mantle she ever lets fall;
Every mortal may feel her embrace,
Stryker, Ohio.

ANDREW EDDY.

THE CHANGE CALLED DEATH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends. I ardently wish also to visit those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing, and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on assured conditions that my youth, like that of Pegasus, should again be restored."

And, after all, should this my firm persuasion of the souls' immortality prove to be a mere delusion, it at least is a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath.—*Cicero*.

"Oh, my sons, do not imagine when death shall have separated me from you, that I shall cease to exist."

If the souls of departed

worthies did not watch over and guard their

surviving fame, the renown of their illustrious

actions would soon be worn out by the memory

of men.—*Cyrus, as reported by Xenophon*.

Nature, by one plan ever pursued, seeks

one grand and glorious aim: the illumination

of an immortal intelligence. From the

chaotic beginning, through the monsters of the

primeval slime, through all the evanescent

forms of being, up to man, that plan has

been undeviatingly followed, and that aim

held in view. Without this attainment crea-

tion is a gigantic failure, and the results are

objectless combinations of causes. The great

tree of life strikes its roots deep into the soil

of the elemental world, and stretches up its

branches into the present. Its perfect fruit

is man, immortal in his spiritual life. Such

is a necessity of his constitution. Through

no other being can that result be reached.

The laws that perfect a tiger, a lion, an ox or

a horse, each after its type making them

more and more perfect of their kind, applies to

him physically. With them, however, the end

in that manner is reached. After a perfect

tiger or deer or ox is attained what then?

Nothing. Causation in that direction is sat-

isfied. After a perfect physical man is cre-

ated, what then? Everything. Only a small

fragment is gained. He walks on the bound-

aries of a vast and illimitable ocean of

capabilities. The means of attaining which

only have been acquired. Does nature sat-

isfy herself with the bad of promise, the flower

even, or with the mature fruit?

Man, as man, cannot fulfill his destiny.

There is want of time, there is want of opportu-

nity. A being, capable of infinite growth,

must have infinite duration in which to ex-

pand. The opportunity, the duration is be-

stowed by death.

Death is not a change of being, it is change

of spheres. The spirit in the body or out of

it, is the same; so the man who goes out of

the door of his house, is the same individual

that he was within.

The spiritual being is severed from the

physical body, perhaps forcibly, perhaps

slowly, by the maturity of age. However se-

vere the forces that rend and obliterate the

mental form, they have no permanent action

on the spirit, for that is unaffected by phys-

ical forces or elements. If the body is crushed

to atoms by the falling avalanche, the spirit is

unaffected, because the mineral mass is a

void through which it passes swiftly and un-

harmful. So of all the terrible forms in which

death presents itself, the spirit passes the

storm leaving the body wrecked and shattered.

The kernel is left, the chaff is blown away;

although existence remains. Yet the plan of

nature teaches that man should mature in

age, and the separation take place as gradu-

ally and beautifully as the fruit drops in

Autumn from its parent limb. It is not de-

sirable to enter the spirit world before a ripe

experience in this. There is a great loss by

so doing. The instinct of life is a barrier

against the temptation to enter the spirit

world. Death is fearful, and justly so, to those

who regard it as a leap into profound dark-

ness, and it is idle to talk to a heart lacerated

by the iron hand which tears from it the

dearly loved. As every extreme induces an

opposite extreme

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1890.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT—ANGELS OR DEVILS?—JOURNALS AND GOVERNMENTS COMING ROUND—THE NEW YORK DRAMA—HOT WEATHER AND HONEST CHINAMAN.

I am often distressed, that I have neither time nor newspaper space at my command, to enable me to meet some of those opponents of Spiritualism, who are so constantly inundating the press with their crude and illogical speculations, and who deal in premises and conclusions, not even thirty-first cousins to each other, even when the former are admissible, which is of but rare occurrence. I perceive by that able and liberal journal, the *Boston Investigator*, that a Mr. John W. Chadwick has been tossing the "Great First-Cause" about, in a most familiar and jocose manner, in the May number of *The Radical*; assuming that His existence and power are lost in universal law—never dreaming for a moment, that that law is but the expression of His existence, and the fitness of things, the evidence of His intelligence. Like the son of Dedalus, I fear, Mr. Chadwick has been flying too near "the bright god of day." I should be glad, however, to know what sort of evidence would satisfy him, of the existence of a God; and would like to enquire whether any evidence of the character that came fully within his comprehension, would not defeat its own object. Here is a man, who cannot explain all the circumstances connected with the production of a penny whistle, endeavoring to encompass, with his finite understanding, the primary cause of all being! Does he not perceive, that proximate causes, and effects only, are the heritage of human reasoners? He quotes Comte and other naturalists; but what are they but mere corks bobbing about upon this fathomless ocean? No entity can comprehend to the fullest its own existence, without being inferior and superior to itself at the same time. How, then, are we to decide upon primary causes in any connection, or declare there is no God? and how paradoxical to presume, that the attributes and intelligence of a superior being could be so dwarfed as to be encompassed by the comprehension of an inferior? Let those gentlemen, then, continue to dip their tea-spoons in the Atlantic; but in doing so, let them be modest, at least, and not assume too many airs. They must not presume that they have the ball at their own foot completely. Nor must Mr. Chadwick fancy, for a moment, that in the article now briefly referred to, he has done anything beyond showing his utter incompetency to cope with his subject.

You will have perceived, that some of the Roman Catholic journals are reproducing an article from the *Catholic World*, of June, on the subject of Spiritualism, in which the writer asserts, that although the truth of spiritual manifestations cannot be denied, the Church has not yet decided as to whether the agencies are angelic or demoniacal. Did you ever hear of such impertinence and presumption on the part of any old fossil who is crumbling to pieces in the light of civilization and human progress? During the session of her Ecumenical Council, she ought to pronounce upon this important matter; but the question is, how will her decision be received? Evidently, neither Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel nor Alexander of Russia would pay the slightest attention to her opinion in this connection; while the great armies of profound thought, inductive reasoning and scientific attainments, would be inclined to crack a pleasant joke at the expense of her dusty old night cap. What do the children of light and freedom and thought care for the opinion of any Church that has for eighteen hundred years been in antagonism with God, with Nature and with common sense? Verily, wherever we chance to turn our eyes, we can see the terrible hand-writing on the wall, which dooms priest-craft to utter destruction, and emancipates the countless millions that have so long lain helpless in darkness and in chains.

Although, times without number, it has been ascertained, upon the most unquestionable authority, that the morality of Spiritualists compares more than favorably, if I may use the term, with that of any other religious sect, yet the writer in the *World* repeats the stale falsehoods that have been so often repeated in this relation. Taking their comparative numbers into consideration, it has been established, beyond any possible shadow of doubt, that there is less crime and sanguinary immorality amongst Spiritualists than amongst the adherents of the Old Theology. And what else could be expected from a comparison of the doctrines entertained by both, individually? In the one case, we have direct and individual responsibility, in the other, the crutch of "the atonement" to help us over any little lapses that might interfere with our hopes of heaven or our claims on society. This is just how the case stands; and any individual, who is not hopelessly obtuse or prejudiced, can understand it thoroughly.

Recently, some liberal articles of a religious character have appeared in the *Herald* of this city. This journal, of all the New York daily press, has ever been the first to catch the advance breath of any movement destined to be successful. Although hitherto unfriendly to Spiritualists, it now perceives their growing power, and the utter failure of the Old Theology. The intention of the Emperor Joseph did for Austria and Hungary what Henry VIII. did for England, and what Don Pedro did for Portugal and the Azores, namely, suppress all monasteries and nunneries within their dominions, cannot be regarded as yet another deadly blow to the Papacy, and priest-craft in every direction. The awful disclosures which have just come to light at Cracow, touching a beautiful though frail nun, who has been extirpated from a living tomb, in which she had been walled up for twenty years, have so startled the whole of Europe, that the fate of religious houses on the other side of the Atlantic, may be said to be sealed forever. "Thus terribly shall Babel fall."

So, Spiritualism, in the appointment of Mr. Peebles as American Consul to Trebisond, has been acknowledged and complimented by the government of the Republic. Good! I trust this will teach some of our weak-kneed brethren to stand more erect, and to be more outspoken in relation to the faith that is within them. This appointment must be fortunate for THE UNIVERSE. We want to know more of the East and its beliefs; and where can this information be gathered with greater ease and reliability than in the ancient Trapezus—once the splendid capital of the Eastern empire? Now we shall have a clear insight into the religious arcana of Asiatic Turkey, and know more of its people, through the ordinary columns of a newspaper, than has ever before been accorded to us through such a channel. However we may regret the absence of so faithful and luminous a star

from this particular horizon, we cannot but rejoice at this marked recognition of Mr. Peebles' worth and ability.

The Sunday conferences, at the Everett Rooms, are well attended, and much interesting speaking takes place at them. Recently the subject of the Immaculate Conception was discussed with some spirit, and originality; the general opinion being, that the idea was a very maculate misconception. How can Christ be said to have taken our nature upon him, when, according to the Christian Theology, he was not born on the same plane with us, and must consequently have been more or less than man? At the conference of Sunday last, I noticed that THE UNIVERSE was circulated freely among the audience, and that the very highest encomiums were passed upon it.

Max Strakosch brings the famous cantatrice, Carlotta Patti, from Paris, next month. She sings at Steinway Hall, here, on the 20th. The celebrated German tenor, Theodore Wachel, will arrive here shortly, also. It is understood, that a series of concerts will be given under his direction at the Academy of Music. The coming musical season is expected to be one of unusual brilliancy, here. If report speaks truly, there is not in this city one single Spiritualist, who is a ballet-girl or actress. This I note in no unfriendly spirit to either, but simply as an item of news. Our theatres are all busily preparing for the approaching season. Jefferson—the great Rip Van Winkle—is with us. He fills Booth's Theatre to its utmost capacity. Booth's seats 1,763 persons; the Academy of Music, 1,917; Bowery, 1,970; Nibbo's, 1,822; Stadt Theater, 2,483; Opera House, 1,803; Wallack's, 1,610; French Theater, 1,576; Tammany, 1,511; Olympic, 1,304; Wood's Museum, 1,218; New York Theater, 1,803; Theater Comique, 905; Waverly, 820 Fifth Avenue, 801; Steinway Hall, 1,908; The Circus, 1,437; The San Francisco Minstrel Hall, 905; Bryant's Opera House, 710; and Pastor's Opera House 807. This is the whole of our stock in trade.

The weather is close, just now, and oppressive. We have had a couple of Chinese Merchants here recently, from San Francisco, who appear to think that the word of a pagan Chinaman is as good, any day, as a Christian's bond. The Rev. Mr. Bunt, a Presbyterian minister, unconsciously bears a similar sort of evidence toward the heathen boatmen of the Nile. He states that dishonesty is unknown amongst them.

Logos.

"AHEAD OF THE TIMES."

To the Editor of the Universe:

When I saw the prospectus of THE UNIVERSE, like Nasby at the inauguration of Andy Johnson, after taking "one look and one smell," I "hollered hallelujah." I have long felt the need of a paper that was not merely "up to the times," but *ahead of the times*. In these days of oppression and outrage, of ignorance and bigotry, it is poor praise to say of a writer or public speaker that "he is up to the times." If Jesus had been merely "up to the times," his name would never have reached the third generation. Had William Lloyd Garrison only been "up to the times," the slave would have clanked his chains to-day in all our southern clime.

"THE UNIVERSE will urge the elevation and independence of woman as the remedy for society's deepest wrongs, and will discuss the present system and laws of marriage, and all questions concerning the vital interests of men and women, WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR." Bravo! I trust you have pondered well the tremendous import of that paragraph, and are prepared to stand by the consequences of such discussion. The thing has been attempted to some extent heretofore; but so far as I know, the fire in the rear has been too hot; and those who have made the attack on time-consecrated institutions, have been a hasty retreat.

It is undeniable, that the old monogamic system of social life, is a failure; it is, and ever must be, the grave of love; it is the most terrible despotism the world has ever known. It has had its day. It must, it will, be superseded by something higher, truer, nobler; something more in accordance with the demands of nature. In making the transition from the lower to the higher, we shall doubtless make many mistakes. All the knowledge we have in this world, comes of experience. In riding ourselves of any system, however despotic, great suffering and severe trials are inevitable. The greater the barbarism from which we try to escape, the deeper the "red sea" through which we must pass, the more dense the wilderness over which we must travel, the more terrible the anguish we must endure. But above and beyond all these scenes of sorrow and woe, lies the land of promise, where our work shall meet its full fruition, and freedom, love, and peace shall crown the labors of social reform. But I did not intend to write a letter, but simply order the paper. Pardon my intrusion. Be true to your platform, and I am with you to the end. It is not much that I can do, but what little there is of me is consecrated to the freedom and elevation of woman, and, through her, the salvation of the race.

Yours for the triumph of the right and the enfranchisement of the enslaved everywhere.
D. M. ALLEN.
South Newbury, Ohio.

WELCOME! THrice WELCOME!

Welcome, thrice welcome, dear UNIVERSE! Long have I watched and waited for you, my ideal paper, not knowing whether you ever would be. Welcome, sweet welcome, oh Good, and Beautiful, and True! May holy spirits inspire you, and good angels guide you to the weary and despairing!

A kindly greeting to all who have taken up their pens to battle for the right! I already look for their coming as for that of a dear friend. May "Well done good and faithful servant," be their reward at last!

JENNIE T. HAZEN.—here are both hands for you! May your pen not lose its power while there is a wrong to be righted! But O Jennie, are you aware of the hidden wounds it keeps tearing open? Yet spare not; let them not be glossed over, and left a sorrowful inheritance for those who are to come after us. Long has woman's pride hidden her wrongs from the world, but the women of to-day are humble enough to acknowledge them, and brave enough to demand our rights.

That Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon those noble men and women "who have borne the heat and burden of the day," and still battle bravely for the Right, is the prayer of—
ARDIE BEE.

PERSONAL.

—Ristori is in Brazil.
—Patti has lost her father.
—The poet Bryant is at Newport.
—General Hooker is ill at Saratoga.
—Gen. Sheridan won't take the L. L. D.
—Dr. Swan, the healer, is now in Chicago.
—Lucy Stone and husband are at Kennebunkport, Me.
—Queen Victoria knits and gives stockings to the poor.
—Mrs. Julia Goodrich, a daughter of Noah Webster, is dead.
—General Fremont and family have quitted Paris for Denmark.
—Eugenie is said to be really coming to this country, next Summer.
—The Halifaxians have commenced petting Arthur the young lion.
—Gilmore's errand to Europe is to instigate a musical riot in New York.

—Jefferson Davis and Charles Mackay are travelling together in Scotland.
—G. B. Hellman is going to build a house on Orange Mountain, New Jersey.
—Rev. Robert Laird Collier expects to be home from Europe, by Sept. 12.

—Fred. Douglass, Jr.'s young wife is just dark enough to pass for a white brunette.
—Clara Barton, a noted Union nurse, has sailed for the Geneva Peace Congress.

—Mrs. S. W. Jorgensen, the accomplished medium, has now become a resident of Chicago.
—Offenbach aspires to a grand opera on William Tell, as the closing musical work of his life.

—One of the feminine Beechers protests against the gossip in the newspapers regarding that family.
—The Czar has decreed that no girl shall be compelled to marry any fellow she doesn't want to. *Huz-zar!*

—The "Senate" or united faculties of the Michigan State University, resolutionized Ex-President Haven.
—Rev. James Calder, of Harrisburg, Pa., is to be President of Hillsdale College, *vice* Hon. E. B. Fairchild, resigned.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recently preached a sermon on woman suffrage in the Unitarian church in Newport, R. I.
—Miss Olive Logan is publishing through Mr. G. W. Carleton a characteristic volume called "Women and Writers."

—The absence of the President and every member of the Cabinet from Washington is unprecedented in the history of the country.
—Peter Cartwright's golden wedding takes place September 24. He was married to the Methodist Church fifty years ago that day.

—Tennyson and party were annoyed in Switzerland by relic-thefting admirers, who stole everything they could lay their hands on.
—The king of Bavaria intends to celebrate the birthdays of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, by a grand performance at the Munich Theater royal.

—Mr. Carson complains that George Peabody is not radical enough, and has been partial in his donations, and sympathized with the South in the late war.
—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown has arrived in California in good health and spirits. She may be addressed in care of Kimball Brothers, Box 453, San Francisco, Cal.

—Commodore Vanderbilt recently married Miss Francis Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama, "young and handsome." We suppose No. 2 will spend the money that No. 1 made.
—Fannie T. Young is lecturing in Michigan, the present month. She will accept calls to speak on Sundays during September. Her address is: Care of S. Sawyer, Esq., Three Oaks, Mich.

—Anna Dickinson visited the Yosemite Valley a few days ago. She wore a full suit of Bloomer costume, rode astride a man's saddle, climbed to the highest places, and went as high and as far as the strongest and most active men.

LITERARY NEWS.

—E. O. Pollard is writing for the New York Times.
—Dickens' readings bring him \$8,000 a winter.
—Charles C. Little, of Little, Brown & Co., Boston law-publishers, is dead.

—Many journals do not like Mrs. Stowe's disclosures respecting Lord Byron.
—John Tyler, Jr., son of ex-President Tyler, is writing for Pomeroy's *Democrat*.

—Ben Perley Poore, a rich author, has one of the finest old houses in New England.
—Mrs. Wilson, author of *St. Elmo*, was paid \$15,000 for the copyright of her novel, about to be published.

—Roberts Bros. are intending to issue books the coming fall by the authors of "Ecco Homo" and "Ecco Deus."

—Mr. Motley's historical essay, read last winter before the New York Historical Society, has been translated into German.
—They say that Barbara Fritchie was not a myth, after all, and that John G. has lately been presented with a cane made from a part of her house.

—The *Heath and Home* is not permitted to be sold in the depots of the New York and New-Haven Railroad, because I. K. Marvel criticized said road therein.

—A curious letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Slade, disclaiming the authorship of the *Waverley* novels, and dated 1821, has lately been bequeathed to the British Museum.

—Charles I. Hemans, whose "History of Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy" has just been published in London, is a son of Felicia Hemans, the well-known English poet.

—Tupper has made an after-dinner speech, in which he spoke of the "noble Tennyson," the "deeply philosophical Browning," and the "clever, he would 'not say moral, Swinburne."

—Professor C. D. Cleveland, son of Father Cleveland, of Boston, and during Mr. Lincoln's Administration Consul at Cardiff, died at Philadelphia on Wednesday. He was known in literature at the editor of several classical textbooks.

—The Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, supposed to be the only man who read the Byron Autobiography which Tom Moore destroyed, thinks Lady Byron was not in her right mind when she made the "revolution" recently ventilated by Mrs. Stowe in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—The dearth of good titles for novels is having strange results in England. The last book out is called the "O. V. H.; or, how Mr. Blake became an M. F. H." We would suggest, as the title of an interesting work, "The C. U. P.; or, how Albert Edward became an A. S. S."

—A newspaper is published on board the steamer Richmond, one of the huge passenger palaces which ply between Louisville and New Orleans. It is called the *Richmond Head Light*. It has two compositors and one editor, and is published six times during each trip, or about three times a week.

—It is stated that the publishing house of Harper & Brothers pays \$800,000 a year for white paper. The circulation of their periodical works is as follows: *Harper's Bazar* (weekly) 70,000; *Harper's Weekly* 95,000; *Harper's Magazine* 118,000. The number of persons employed in the establishment is 502, of whom one-third are women.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

McVICKER'S THEATER.—This popular Chicago theater commenced a new season on Monday night last, under most promising auspices. Having been for two or three weeks closed for repairs and alterations, it has come forth renovated and rehabilitated, with new and attractive accessories. The stock company has been improved by an addition of several talented artists, while the old members are nearly all retained. The season opens with *Edwin Adams* as the "star," who has appeared during the week in the *Marble Heart*, admirably sustained; and we are pleased to note that crowded houses have shown a public appreciation of the enterprise of the management and the return of the legitimate drama. Next week will be presented the

adaptation of Tennyson's exquisite poem "Enoch Arden." Among the stars are Joseph Jefferson, the coming Fall and Winter stars; Joseph Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, John Brougham, Lotta, Mrs. Scott Siddons, and Mrs. Bowers; truly a distinguished array.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—The announcement that Mr. Frank E. Aiken had once more assumed the management of Col. Wood's Museum, was received with delight by the theater-going public. He is sustaining thus far their expectations, in the excellent comedy, "A Victim of Circumstances," which closes its second week to-night. Mr. Aiken has purchased the Museum, and thoroughly reconstructed its theatrical adaptability. Under his former management it was a favorite place for amusement lovers, and will be still more so with the institution within his entire control. Mr. Aiken is deservedly successful as a manager, and his aims are such as to meet the approval of those who deprecate any pandering to impure tastes. He does his best to elevate and refine the sentiments of his audiences.

Vegetarianism—Statistics Wanted.

All readers of THE UNIVERSE who are practical vegetarians, are invited to address the undersigned, stating how long they have abstained from whatever salt is used; whether butter, milk or eggs; whether tea, coffee, or any other drink, except water; and as a counterbalance to the subtraction of flesh, etc., from the dietary, any additions were made; whether the desire for domestic and foreign fruits is increased; for nuts in winter; for certain grains or vegetables, not before craved; the effect upon the general health, physical strength, and mental activity; what occupation pursued; and any other particulars which may occur at the time of writing, likely to throw light upon the general subject of dietetics.

All would be glad to receive from "theoretical" vegetarians any observations they may be pleased to offer.
J. MARSH ALLEN.
Terre Haute, Indiana, Box 441.

Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

A Convention will be held at the Court House, in the city of Racine, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, October 2nd and 3rd, 1890, for the purpose of organizing a Southern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

Good speakers will be present. Provision will be made for entertaining all who may come. Let us have a grand rally to this "feast of reason and flow of soul."

By Order of Committee.

Advertising and Job Printings.

Parties wishing to advertise in Leading Papers, or in need of Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Blanks, Circulars, etc., will do well to send their orders to Edw. P. Fenn, whose experience, and superior facilities in these departments, enable him to give satisfaction to all. Address
EDWD. P. FENN.
113 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago to New York.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway is on Monday, Aug. 23, to run a palace sleeping car between this city and New York without change. The route is via Buffalo, New York Central and Hudson River railroads, and is one of the most pleasant and easy between the metropolises of the East and that of the West. Berths may be secured and all necessary information obtained of J. E. Morse, Esq., General Western Passenger Agent, at the Company's office, No. 56 Clark street.

Grosvenor Swan M. D.

Heals by Magnetic Manipulation. May be seen from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., at the Adams House, in this city, on Lake Street, near Michigan Central Depot.

—Mrs. S. A. Waterman, box 4103, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, etc. Terms \$2 and three 3 cent stamps. Send for a circular.

DR. J. WILBUR.

(Late of Milwaukee), has fitted up a suit of rooms 935 Madison St., cor. of State, Chicago, where he will treat the sick with medicine. Patients at a distance cared for by Magnetized Paper. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

MRS. S. W. JORGENSEN.
Symbolic Seer and Inspirational Adviser upon matters of a Spiritual and Temporal, Social and Domestic nature, will receive calls at her rooms No. 20, 249 North Clark St., from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M. Terms \$2.00 per sitting of one hour. All communications confidential.

Dr. T. J. Lewis' Electro Magnetic Institute, 165 South Clark Street, Rooms 3 & 5, Chicago, Ill. From twenty years' practice, is enabled to cure diseases, in all forms, medical advice, delineations of character, etc. Terms \$2 and three 3 cent stamps. Send for a circular.

THE VAPOR COOKING APPARATUS.

No Wood, No Coal, No Kindlings, No Chimney, No Smoke, No Ashes, No Dirt.
But a Friction Match, and the Fire in Full Blast. Over Heat in two minutes, Bread baked in thirty, *Steak Broiled* in ten minutes, and Fire extinguished in a moment, and the house unheated. It has no rival in all kinds of Cooking and Flat Iron work, in economy, in safety, in neatness, in safety and durability. Ladies Welcome to it. Child can operate it, and it recommends it. Manufactured by
A. HANSON WHITE,
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Mrs. J. H. STILLMAN SEVERANCE, M. D.,
Hydropathic and Magnetic Physician
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ACCOUCHEUR.

Will attend to practice in the city or on the line of the railroad. A thorough medical education and fourteen years successful practice to which is added strong magnetic power, renders her well qualified for the profession.

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Office and Residence, 143 South Clark St., Cor. Madison, CHICAGO.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of VITALIZED AIR.

CLAIRVOYANCE.
Mr. Peter West, the Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium, will give sittings for the following: Examining, diagnosing, and prescribing for disease. Answering sealed letters, and questions—written or mental.
Special attention given to developing Mediums.
Calls have a friendly chat.
Rooms 12 and 15, 189 Clark St.

W. D. Blain, M. D.,

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Particular attention given to Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

A subscriber who wishes his address changed from one postoffice to another, must always give the name of the office where the paper is now taken, as well as that to which he desires it sent.

Premium-List

OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE UNIVERSE.

OPEN TO JANUARY 1, 1891!

We feel that those who assist in extending the circulation of THE UNIVERSE, are doing a noble work, the consciousness of which is a measurable return for the labor; but we desire also to give liberal material recompense to those who will procure and forward subscribers. We offer the Premiums named in the following list, which articles are all of substantial and permanent value—no "dash goods"—for the number of subscribers named opposite each, paid for at the regular subscription price, \$2.50 per year.

Jah. No.	Value.	No.
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine (Elastic Stitch No. 23).....	\$ 60	20
Grover & Baker S. M., (Elastic Stitch No. 23, with cover).....	65	42
Grover & Baker S. M., (Shuttle or Lock Stitch, No. 9).....	60	30
Grover & Baker S. M., (Shuttle or Lock Stitch, with hemmer).....	65	32
Lamb Knitting Machine (Improved).....	58	32
National (Elgin) Gold Watch.....	200	100
National (Elgin) Silver Watch.....	65	35
National (Elgin) Silver Watch.....	200	100
American (Waltham) Ladies' Gold Watch.....	100	60
Howard's Thunderbolt Silver Watch.....	30	20
Geneva Gent's Gold Watch (engraved).....	85	50
Geneva Ladies' Gold Watch (engraved and enamelled).....	70	35
Geneva Ladies' Gold Watch (engraved and enamelled).....	70	35
Geneva Gent's Silver Watch (full-jewelled).....	25	18
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Foster's Artificial Leg.....	125	80
Howard's Thunderbolt Silver Watch.....	30	20
Bells for Schools, Shops or Dwellings (200 pounds).....	28	25
Bells for Schools, Shops or Dwellings (150 pounds).....	20	17
Bells for Schools, Shops or Dwellings (100 pounds).....	14	12
Bells for Schools, Shops or Dwellings (50 pounds).....	12	11
Bells for Schools, Shops or Dwellings (50 pounds).....	8	8
Carhart & Needham Organ, 5 Octave (Walwood Case).....	200	90
Carhart & Needham Melodeon, 5 Octave (Rosewood Case).....	170	75
Carhart & Needham Melodeon, 5 Octave (Rosewood Case).....	150	50
Guitar, Inlaid, Patent Head (Genuine Rosewood).....	50	25
Guitar, Patent Head (Genuine Rosewood).....	25	6
Guitar, Patent Head (Imitation Rosewood).....	12	9
Accordeon, (Ten Keys, Three Sets Reeds).....	18	12
Violin, Genuine Stainer, Ebony Trimmings (with Bow and Case).....	40	20
Violin, Genuine Hope, Ebony Trimmings (with Bow and Case).....	18	12
Violin, Boy's Size, Ebony Trimmings (with Bow and Case).....	9	7
Wooden Box (Six Keys, Six Inlaid).....	40	20
Musical Box (Three Keys, Six Inlaid).....	12	9
Accordeon, (Ten Keys, Three Sets Reeds).....	18	12
Accordeon, (Ten Keys, Three Sets Reeds).....	18	12
Concertina, Patent, (20 Keys, Imitation Rosewood).....	7	6
Flute, Cocoa (Six Keys, Six Inlaid).....	15	10
Woodruff's Portable Barometer.....	12	8
Appleton's American Encyclopedia (16 vol.).....	80	40
Webster's New International Dictionary.....	6	6
Webster's American Pictorial Dictionary.....	12	10
Large Quarto Family Bible (Morocco full gilt).....	10	9
Mitchell's New General Atlas (Ninety-two Maps and Plans).....	60	30
Triple Plated Tea Set (six pieces).....	60	30
Triple Plated Tea Set (six pieces).....	25	12
Triple Plated Dining Caster (three bottles).....	10	9
Triple Plated Breakfast Caster (three bottles).....	6	6
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	10	9
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	6	6
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	4	4
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	5	5
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	4	4
Triple Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers, Smith & Co., six).....	5	5

THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 23, 1889.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

DIALOGUE NO. 2.

BY LAROE SUNDERLAND.

Writer.—In entering upon this investigation, we may, for the sake of the argument, take it for granted, that there may have been such a personage in Judea, as the Jesus referred to in the New Testament. Outside of that book, there is no proof that any such man ever lived. And I may add, that I do not now propose any extended remarks upon the ecclesiastical dogma in respect to the manner in which it is alleged that he was begotten.

Reader.—It has occurred to me, since our previous conversation, that there could not, in the constitution of things, have been any reason why a human being should have been born in that manner, except upon the supposition, either that the Deity designedly created this world with such a defect as would require this method for begetting one man; or, that the Deity, having unexpectedly failed in his work of creation, as an after-thought, hit upon this method of a physical generation "by the holy ghost" as the means of counteracting the consequences of his failure.

W.—Exactly so, my friend. And these are tender points, which the Christian priests are never willing to discuss; and it is no uncommon thing for us to be censured by them, and threatened with the Divine wrath, for merely alluding to these tender points, as I have here done.

R.—You have referred to the fact that there is no evidence outside of the New Testament, that any such personage as Jesus ever lived in Judea. And now please inform me as to the evidence by which you propose to prove, even admitting that Jesus may have been crucified, as is generally supposed, yet that he did not actually die upon the cross.

W.—This I will now do. And, as I proceed, we shall be more and more impressed, I think, with the truthfulness of the theory I have suggested. Without credulity and "marvellous faith," the Bible account is not sufficient for proving what is assumed on the subject. All the evidence bearing on the crucifixion is found in the four gospels. But by whom these "gospels" were written we do not know. There is no original manuscript of either of these writings, in existence; so that we cannot know exactly, what they contained when first written. Nor do we know when they were written. The conviction is that they were all composed between ten and sixty-three years after the crucifixion. And while this fact may tend to account for the discrepancies these different writers, they certainly do not increase our faith in their credibility as historical records. We are now living in an age of marvels.

THE AMAZING GROWTH OF CHICAGO.

The growth of Chicago is one of the wonders of our eventful age; and the immense profits and wonderful activity of the place show that its business is relatively much larger than that of other cities. It has a population of 300,000, but its traffic exceeds that of any European city with fewer than 600,000 inhabitants. That it will be one of the greatest cities of the world appears indubitable. Only one third of the area of Illinois is cultivated, and the trebling of its cultivation and of its population implies a trebling of the size of its metropolis. But large parts of Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota get many of their imports from Chicago, and as they grow, so must their supplying city prosper; and then the transcontinental traffic will make its centre there for the Mississippi and lake basins. The experiment of shipping grain down the Mississippi, though not very successful so far, may succeed; and much of the freight which has heretofore gone eastward from Iowa and Illinois, may go southward; but even if it does, St. Louis can never be the equal of Chicago, nor will the latter city be seriously checked in its growth.

Chicago is a natural situation for a city—not that the site has all the qualities desirable, but that it is far superior to all others within 800 miles, that it is in the midst of an agricultural region of unsurpassed fertility, and that it is on one of the chief lines of the world's traffic. The men of Chicago have shown great capacity and enterprise; but one of the chief marks of their capacity, was the selection of that site as a place of business; and they were enterprising, because they found that enterprise there was the road to fortune. Unless enterprise is rewarded, it soon dies. About thirty years ago the proprietors of Michigan City, a town that was to be a rival of Chicago, showed their enterprise by erecting a large number of houses, but the town was not so well situated, business could not be done so cheaply, the houses stood vacant, and the gentlemen who spent their money there, reserved other exhibitions of enterprise for towns that would pay.

The natural advantages of Chicago are that it is at the head of the lake navigation, that it had the best natural harbor on Lake Michigan, that the harbor could be greatly improved at moderate expense, that it is the natural terminus for a canal to connect with the Illinois river, that there is no other harbor near the head of the lake on the western side, that the lakes so break up the country to the north and east that an immense land traffic must pass round the head of the lake, and pay tribute to its chief city, and that on the Mississippi, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, and Lake Michigan, Huron and Superior, there is no other point fitted to be a great centre of railroads and shipping.

St. Louis, for instance, has no very great natural advantage over a multitude of other towns on the banks of the Mississippi, and it was already a city before Chicago was a town at all. St. Louis is flourishing, and will, no doubt, grow to be much larger than it is; but it has no such future as that of the Lake Metropolis. The latter is now the greatest railway centre of the world, and is, besides, a great inland port. The harbor of Chicago has been greatly improved by art, and it has a superiority over all rivals within two thousand miles of the adjacent lake shores, as the Bay of San Francisco has over all other bays and harbors between Victoria and Mazatlan.

Alta Californian.

BIRTH-DAY OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

We learn from Boston papers, that "the centennial anniversary of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt, which falls on the 14th of September, is to be appropriately observed in that city; that a committee of arrangements has been elected, consisting of two professors of music (Germans), three American Reverends, and one Reverend Father (Catholic); that Mr. Agassiz will be the principal speaker of the day; and finally, that the occasion is to contribute toward founding a perpetual scholarship in the Zoological Museum, lately established by Mr. Agassiz.

Well may the Germans be astonished at hearing of these facts, considering that only a few weeks since we were told by the clergy that, as the Fourth of July was an American commemoration, we, as foreigners, had no right to celebrate it, much less make it a plea and pretence for our unholy Sabbath revelries. I think there is scarcely an educated German in this country who will dare to say Americans have no right to celebrate the birth-day of Humboldt; for we hold that such men as Humboldt belong to the world; and if a man's life is a benefit to mankind, it makes very little or no difference where he was born—a doctrine which, however, Puritan clergymen and such philosophers as Horace Greeley have yet to learn. Yet in all humility I ask: Have American clergymen a right to teach us *who* and *what* the great men of Germany are, when we have their works to prove that they are not what they represent them to be? Humboldt, the most distinguished Atheist and Materialist that ever lived, did not allow the smallest space to a God-Creator in any of the volumes of his "Cosmos," while Mr. Agassiz (with all due deference to his learning and scientific reputation, be it said) not only professes to believe in such a Creator, but even in the cosmogony of the Bible, as not being contrary to science, and has gone so far as to reject every evidence of Humboldt's Materialism as a *defamation to his character*!

Why, then, is Mr. Agassiz the principal speaker of the day, and how do clergymen come to take a prominent part in celebrating the centennial birth-day of a man, who, while he lived, never did a single thing to favor their cause, and (as his letters to Van Hagen clearly show) thoroughly despised them at heart? Why do the people of Boston, if they wish to perpetuate the memory of the dead Humboldt, resort to the strange way of raising a monument for the living, and why just by contributing to a zoological museum, when it is known that Humboldt has given the least attention to the province of animals? It is, if I may answer it properly, because the American public is to be deceived by making out a case for the parsons and Bishops; the people are to be humbugged by the counterfeit of a Humboldt festival, and the popular name of a scientific hero to be trumped up for the cross of Cavalry and cock robin's blood. Humboldt, the Atheist, is done up into a believer, and a whole chorus of anvils, cannons, and kettle-drums of the size of elephants, is to proclaim to Yankees and Dutchmen the unmistakable and undeniable truth—that *greatness is inseparable from Christianity*, and that never yet was there a man truly great, that did not sing psalms, and believe in *sanctification and redemption*.

The principal object, then, in founding a scholarship, I clearly perceive, is not to raise "the most suitable monument in honor of the common services both these men have rendered to science," but to give a proper reward to Mr. Agassiz for the great services he has rendered to the Church.

When the clergy of this country made Humboldt and Goethe the topic of their sermons, about ten years ago, representing the former as a singer of Presbyterian hymns, and the latter as "dying a death as sublime as that of John Wesley," we might have smiled at and pitied such ignorance. But if they persist in wilfully propagating a falsehood, it is the duty of every German to protest against it. Let the true friends of Humboldt in Boston, and all other cities of the American continent, assemble in time to make proper resolutions, and to elect the proper committees, lest the 14th of September be imposed upon the American public as a counterfeit; let them see to it, that Humboldt, the author of "Cosmos," and of the "Letters to Vanhagen," be represented and honored in his true character—as the proclaimer of a world without spirits and ghosts, a world without a supreme ruler, not an immortal but a material world, and that the only one.—H. Kalliecood, in Boston Investigator.

ANCIENT MONSTROSITIES.

One of that class of discoveries through the agency of which geologists have pretty generally dispelled the illusion so long cherished by men, that the earth was constructed upon an homocentric system—that it was created primarily for the comfort and convenience of the human tribe—has just been made upon the grounds of the Vincentown Marl Company, located about twelve miles in a direction southeasterly from Burlington city, in New Jersey. Some workmen, engaged there, while digging the foundation for a projected building, came upon a number of fossils, the remains apparently of some huge monstrosities which inhabited this planet at the opening of the tertiary period. These fossilized relics are said by men of science to be those of a mastodon, a large fish, and a mammalia—of a race of monsters which, according to the testimony of geologists, was the most numerous at about the period at which the earth began to get fit for the habitation of man.

Among these was found a grinder tooth, fourteen inches in circumference, four inches in breadth, and, notwithstanding the loss of weight which its age and surroundings must have effected, two pounds in weight. It is now in possession of Mr. J. S. Cook, the Superintendent of the works of the Marl Company. It was white when first taken from the earth, but a few hours' exposure to the air made it black. It is supposed to have been once the property of a mastodon, and answers the description given by scientists generally of the grinders of that class of beings.

A bone, eight feet in length and as many inches in diameter, was also taken out. Exposure to the air made this so brittle that it broke when handled. Mr. Cook also found the tooth of a shark, three inches long, and a number of other geological curiosities.

As soon as these discoveries became noised about, the grounds were visited by a number of scientific gentlemen. These found a num-

ber of geological gems. Professor Marsh took from the ground, among other things, the rib of a whale and the snout of a sword-fish, and declared them rich in geological deposits. It is understood that the search for these interesting relics will be continued until enough shall have been gathered to complete the skeletons of which pieces have been found. The search cannot proceed without further interesting discoveries being made.—N. Y. Times.

"DISTINGUISHED" DIALOGUE.

One of the funniest of all the occurrences in this city, last week, was a meeting between the venerable Daniel Drew and Judge George G. Barnard. It was social and accidental. On being introduced to each other, Judge Barnard, with his customary bland and genial manner, received the old billionaire, who, not to be outdone in politeness, cordially grasped his hand, and looking with wonder and astonishment into the beaming face of the youthful jurist, exclaimed: "Is this really Judge Barnard?" It was evident that he was surprised at not beholding a man with a more threatening aspect—one, capable of instantly devouring him. The two were soon seated quietly, side by side, and engaged in pleasant conversation, which is understood to have run something in this wise:

Judge Barnard: I am glad to see you looking so hale and hearty, Mr. Drew.

Mr. Drew: Thank you, Judge. A clear conscience and the recent rise in stocks have benefited me.

Judge Barnard: Are you spending your time principally in New Jersey, now?

Mr. Drew: Not so exclusively as formerly. I visit the city more frequently.

Judge B.: I understand you have a flourishing theological seminary over there.

Mr. Drew: Yes, Judge; and that my beef cattle are both doing remarkably well this summer.

Judge B.: I am informed—there is such a rumor—that Mr. Gould and Mr. Fisk contemplate resigning their places in the Erie.

Mr. Drew (excitedly): Is that so? Well, that is a wise movement on their part. At their time of life they ought to be letting go their hold on earthly objects. It would be a simple matter of conscience on my part, to return to the board, if requested. It would be a direct advantage to my seminary, and, perhaps, an indirect advantage to the road. Everything in this world is fleeting.

Judge B.: Yes, Mr. Drew; I have sometimes found things too much so, even to be reached by a *ne exeat*.

Mr. Drew: Speaking of my seminary and the Erie, and my fattening cattle—young men ought to be religious, and, when they have something to invest in stocks, come to an experienced man, like me, for advice, and let me select for them. I saw Mr. Greeley the other day; and Mr. Greeley he told me a story about his friend Camp. Mr. Camp breakfasted with Mrs. Greeley, and at the breakfast table Mr. Camp said to Mrs. Greeley: "Mrs. Greeley, I think there is nothing in this world so good as eating and drinking—that is, nothing, unless it is religion." Now Mr. Greeley laughed, and seemed to be very much amused at this remark. But I think, Judge, that it was very sound and correct. You know that Mr. Camp is a member of our denomination, and is often absent on missionary duty, trying to convert members of the Assembly at Albany, and members of Congress at Washington. It was from him that the name of "Camp meetings" was derived.

An intrusion of visitors interrupted this interesting and instructive conversation.

MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES.

Astronomers estimate that some of the most distant stars, seen by Lord Rosse's telescope, give to the earth the rays of light which left them 50,000 years ago—having taken all that time, at the rate of 200,000 miles, or eight times round our earth, in one second, to reach us; that the rays, emitted now, will not reach our solar system until another 50,000 years has passed away. Take our earth for a central point, and one of these distant stars being due east and another due west, their distance from each other would be double this distance from the earth, or, 100,000 years would be consumed in the passage of rays of light from one to the other—more time than allotted to three thousand generations of the human race. If the time so occupied is inconceivably vast, how can we form any conception of the distance? Multiply the 100,000 years, reduced to seconds, by 200,000, and you get the distance, between two such stars, in miles, but the number is absolutely overwhelming.

But we have only begun to look a comparatively small distance out, into infinite space, or, perhaps, into, to us, the illimitable creation. We may imagine a million of stars placed in a straight line, each as far distant from its next, as the two we have above supposed, and yet the distance between the two last extremes would be too short, for a measure, to measure across the vast creation, though extended over new space once in each minute, for a million years.

How vast—infinite—that eternal mind which filled these vast spaces with the creations we are able to see and contemplate, and whose presence intelligently fills the entire bounds of infinite space! whose knowledge and power are not exhausted on the grand, the sublime system of the universe, but also employed in giving and sustaining life to the myriads of the microscopic insects in all the vast universe, without diverting his attention at any time from either the greatest or smallest object within the range of our conceptions!

How appropriate, to turn our eyes from all this vastness, and look at ourselves, inhabitants of this little "dirty speck, men call earth!" How diminutive the size of man's body compared with these vast distances! How short his earthly duration, when measured by the vast ages and periods involved in the creation of the universe! how contracted the capacities of his mind, compared with the all-embracing intelligence of that powerful mind who originated, preserves and regulates the boundless creation! How proper to repress the swellings of pride, to thus discover our own nothingness, and how appropriate to humble ourselves before that Being, who gave and who preserves our existence!

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We add a description—necessarily brief—of a few of our principal Premiums. That the articles are of first class quality in every respect, may be relied on. We will give further particulars concerning any particular item, to any one desiring, or pamphlets or circulars may be sent for to the manufacturers or dealers in the respective articles.

Grover and Baker Sewing Machines.

We are pleased to be able to continue the offer of the Grover & Baker First Premium Elastic-Stitch Sewing Machines. The points of excellence claimed for the Grover & Baker are as follows: Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch. Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery. Using both Threads Directly from the Spools. No fastening of Seams by Hand, and No Waste of Thread.

Wide range of Application, without Change of Adjustment.

The Seam retains its Beauty and Firmness after Washing and Ironing.

Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

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We offer a number of styles of Watches, from which the wants of any one may be suited, including the National (or Elgin), manufactured at Elgin, Ill., the American (or Waltham), and imported (Geneva). The numerous watches we have given for premiums during the past two years are the best recommendation for their quality and superiority.

We offer two styles of the American Watches manufactured by the American Watch Co., at Waltham, Mass. We have arranged with the Company for a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, and a Silver Watch to be expressly manufactured for us. The former will be an elegant piece, full jeweled, in 18 carat "hunting" case; the silver watch will be jeweled, with chronometer balance in "hunting" case of pure gold. Both will be warranted as made in the best manner of the best materials.

Musical Instruments.

The goods offered in this line are superior in all respects, and are guaranteed to be exactly as represented in all respects. They will be selected and shipped under the superintendence of a gentleman who has had many years experience as a musician dealer.

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The articles offered in this line are furnished us by the well-known house of Giles Bros. & Co., 142 Lake st., Chicago. They are A No. 1 goods, and guaranteed to be such. The prices attached to the respective articles are the actual retail prices at which they are sold in Chicago.

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These are the finest and most popular articles in the art line, next to oil paintings. They very closely resemble the best paintings. We append a list of a few of the more attractive pictures, with prices of each, from which selections may be made to amount of value given in Premium List:

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The Poultry Yard—After an oil painting by E. Leunens, the celebrated French oil painter; one of his best creations..... 5.00
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These are of similar execution to the full chromos, but worked with a less number of plates, and, consequently, not quite their equal in finish and richness. Morning—A superb castle picture, after Rosa Bonheur's Morning on the Highlands..... \$5.00
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Piquette's Gold Pens.

The Gold Pens we offer are the celebrated

Piquette Pens, of which C. H. Dunks, 157 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, is the manufacturer for the United States. The pens that we are sending out are all of the first and best quality, diamond pointed, of 16 carats fine gold, and are warranted one year. If not suiting hand, they will be changed. From the styles we offer, any person may be suited. It should be stated as nearly as possible what kind of pen, whether stiff or otherwise is wanted. Each pen will have a beautiful holder and box.

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We offer two styles, the New Illustrated Unabridged, latest edition, containing 1,840 pages and 3,000 engravings, and the New National Dictionary, an octavo, with 1,000 pages and 600 engravings. Nothing need be said of the value of these books as premiums.

Mitchell's New General Atlas.

A copy of Mitchell's General Atlas should be possessed by every family for reference. As a practical educator it is scarcely less useful than Webster's Dictionary. It is sold only by subscription through canvassing agents, but we direct such agents in making arrangements to supply it as premium. The Atlas contains fifty-eight quarto maps of the various countries of the world, plans, cities, etc., in all ninety-two maps and plans, with valuable statistical tables, United States Post Office Directory, etc. R. A. CAMPBELL, General Agent, 131 Clark St. Chicago.

Microscopes.

These instruments have just been added to our list, and are not only useful, but of great interest to all. The \$8 and \$10 compound microscopes have each three lenses, magnifying 50, 75 and 100 times, the \$10 instrument including in addition a condensing lens. The instruments are first-class, as sold by J. G. LACOUR, Jr., Optician, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, from whom we also purchase the barometers.

Our Other Premiums.

An invaluable prize is offered in "Appleton's American Cyclopaedia," consisting of sixteen large octavo volumes, averaging 800 double-column pages each volume, presenting a panoramic view of all human knowledge—a complete library itself.

Another most desirable prize is the *Quarto Family Bible*. It is a large quarto, in full gilt morocco (black or red, as preferred), and includes the Apocrypha and Concordance, Record, etc.

The *Ophegograph*, or *Chrono* of the celebrated painting, "Mamma in Heaven," is a beautiful picture.

The *Universal Clothes Wringer* is the most popular and largely sold wringer manufactured in the U. S. It is durable, having cog-wheels, and is fully warranted.

PROTESTANTISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN ALLEN.

Ill health has prevented me from sooner congratulating the people of the West, on the advent of a paper giving such a hopeful promise of effective service in the cause of human elevation. THE UNIVERSE is needed, and, no doubt, will be liberally sustained.

I have passed a few weeks in this portion of New England, where liberal Unitarianism is the prevailing phase of religious development. The people have passed safely over the six days' fatiguing labor of creation; the passage of the Red Sea, Daniel in the lion's den, the three Hebrew youths in the heated furnace, and sailed safely over the shoreless sea of the deluge; but are now temporarily grounded on the shoals and quicksands of the New Testament. They say: "The Old Testament miracles are simply exaggerated accounts of natural phenomena. The writers gave free scope to lively imaginations, and the Hebrew Scriptures are only valuable as an imperfect record of the history of God's favorite people."

They hold that Christ is not God, nor even a personality of the Godhead; but he is such an extraordinary religious prodigy, that the morality, spiritual culture, and final salvation of Christendom, depend on his example and teachings. Well, we must have patience. By and by they will grow larger, and see that these things do not depend much on historical characters, but mainly on present conditions and surroundings; and that salvation does not come of believing what Christ said, but in the proper use of the powers, opportunities and privileges which the Father of All hath given us. They will also perceive the "open secret" that the saints and angels of the present are superior, and far more valuable to Americans, than those who figured in an oriental country two thousand years ago. But distance lends its enchantment.

A writer in *The Radical* stated that Protestantism in New England has already reached Atheism, but they have "not the courage to avow it." However true this may be of a few radical thinkers, it is not true of the body of the people. "The right of private judgment," the motto of Protestantism, will also be its epitaph. It is destined to be ground into fine powder between the nether millstone of Catholicism and the upper millstone of liberal Protestantism.

"The whole movement of Protestantism is transitional, declaring the right of private judgment," they soon added, "provided you accept the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures;" the Anglican church said: "provided you accept the thirty-nine articles;" the dissenting sects added, "provided you accept the Westminster Confession of Faith;" and so on of lesser sects. But now, these are only believed in sincerely by the foggy and the few.

CLAIRVOYANCE AT LA SALLE.

The La Salle, Ill., correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, thus mentions what he calls "a remarkable case of clairvoyance," in that city. It is not remarkable, at all. Such cases are becoming very frequent:

My last letter mentioned some of the phenomena distinguishing a remarkable case of clairvoyance in this city. Allow me to add a few others. For the enlightenment of such as may not have read that letter, it may be proper to mention that the young lady who exhibited these phenomena, was at the time suffering from an attack of severe visceral inflammation, accompanied by high nervous excitement and indications of cerebral disturbance. With her eyes closed, she could clearly discover all that transpired behind her back; with minute accuracy she would describe the contents of pockets in coats hanging in distant rooms, and even to a degree surpassing the knowledge of the owners; even more readily than in a state of health, and with the use of her physical organs of vision, she would read books unopened; and, agreeably to her request, one of her attendants went to the post-office and procured a letter for her, which she described and avowed that she saw there. These were among the evidences of a power of clairvoyance evinced by the young lady, which completely set at naught all theories based upon the commonly received idea of *rapport*. As before said, the simplicity of the young lady, and the highly respectable and candid character of the witnesses, forbid the thought of deception or collusion, and the case challenges the consideration of the scientific.

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—An old resident of Ottumwa, Iowa, recently eloped with another man's young wife.

—A Kansas city Mo., youth aged nineteen, recently married his co-sin, aged thirty-two.

—A Perth shop-keeper shot himself because his wife grew stout, "she that was of so ravishing a figure."

—A resident of Winthrop, Mo., aged fifty has married, for his fifth wife, a girl of fourteen years.

—Some of the Mormons speak of polygamy as "a religious duty, performed at much expense and personal sacrifice."

—Anthony Traper, of Albany, N. Y., is in trouble for quarreling with his wife, and shooting a policeman who interfered.

—Mrs. Maria Lape, of Clyde, Ohio, has sued Mr. Alexander Waldruff for breach of promise, claiming damages to the amount of \$5,000. The parties are of the highest respectability.

—Mrs. Samuel Marsh, of Raisin, Lenawee Co., Mich., recently died from the effects of an abortion, produced by a Dr. Shannon, who has already been in State Prison for the same offence.

—A jealous young lady was recently badly stung by the winged occupants of an overturned bee-hive, upon which she had mounted to view the amours of her lover with a fair widow.

—The town of Sutton, N. Y., boasts of a woman who was married at twelve years of age, is now the mother of sixteen children, forty years old, and weighs two hundred and ten pounds.

—Col. Fitzpatrick killed his wife the other day in South Carolina, and attended her funeral two days afterwards. A real gentleman never forgets his good breeding under the most trying circumstances.

—Robert E. Sprague, who died from Ogdenburg, N. Y., in May last, with \$20,000 fraudulently obtained, and another man's wife, was arrested in New York, and returned to Ogdenburg.

—Davis Adams, colored, has been arrested at Cincinnati on a charge made by his wife, that he had attempted to commit a rape on a white girl, eight years old. He enticed the girl into his house, where his wife found him.

—Harrison Thomas, of St. Francis Co., Ark., undertook to prevent the attentions that Monroe Srum was paying his sister. A quarrel resulted, and Srum shot Thomas, wounding him fatally, and then stabbed him twice.

The *Chicago Tribune* complains that a Lawrence woman, who is in the habit of "thrashing" her husband at intervals, conducted the ceremonies attending flagellation, by shutting herself in the parlor and singing "Nearer, my God, to thee."

—A physician of Elmore, Ohio, seduced a girl and induced her to lay the blame upon another man. The girl fell sick, and confessed the truth, when a number of the women of the town made fearful threats against the Doctor, and he left town.

—An old lady, near Wooster, Ohio, whose daughter, aged about fifteen, had taken up her residence with a neighboring family, out of love for a young man, sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* to get her back. The case came up before the Probate Judge on Monday.

—At St. Paul, Wednesday morning, a German woman, named Mrs. Seabolt, left home in her night-dress, and has not been heard from. She was tracked some distance, and, as blood was found in her path, it is supposed she either died from exposure, or made way with herself.

—There were granted one hundred and two cases of divorce in Cincinnati last year, and one hundred and nine in the year before. Of the whole number of applications, fifty-four were made by husbands and one hundred and sixty-seven by wives.

OUR PLATFORM ON "WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

THE ULTIMA THULE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT.

[The following pronouncement, issued by THE CHICAGOAN in February last, as its "platform" on the Woman Question, has received emphatic commendation, as indicating the fundamental principles embodied in the present efforts for social reorganization. We have been repeatedly requested to keep it before our readers, as the central ground upon which those aiming to remove social wrongs can gather, and as presenting the true basis on which the new social structure must be reared.]

We are on the threshold of a new era, the introduction of which will be marked with a revolution more radical than has ever before been known in the world's history. Systems which have grown hoary with the centuries, enshrined in the holy garb of ecclesiastical authority and sanction, accepted with unquestioning reverence by the race, and almost inextricably interwoven into the whole social, religious and political fabric, are now being assailed with fierce, unflinching criticism by thinking and practical men and women of these latter days. These systems are denounced as holding one-half of the race in a bondage more despicable and degrading than that which has characterized any other of the slaveries which man has selfishly maintained since the fabled expulsion from Eden.

The genius of the so-called Woman's Movement is not generally comprehended. It means woman's complete enfranchisement and emancipation from the control of her masculine master. It means the disavowal of her present dependent relation to man, and the establishment of her rights as a separate and individual being, laden with the privileges and responsibilities that inhere in her as the mother of immortal beings. It means the recognition of her supreme right to the direction and control of affairs relating to her affectional and sexual nature; that she will cease to be the mere instrument of man's pleasure and the medium of transmitting his name to posterity. It means the abolishment of numerous usages and fashions that foster and feed man's passions, until they have control of his being, requiring the continuous sacrifice of woman on the altar of lust. It means that the selection of companions in the most sacred relation of the sexes shall not be the exclusive prerogative of man, if, indeed, as physiological laws and comparison would seem to indicate, the first right to woo be not surrendered to woman. It means the acknowledgment of woman's sovereignty in the parental realm, and that, in all cases of difference in matters of mutual interest, the maternal authority shall be first and dominant.

Such is the ultimate of the present movement in behalf of Woman, and only to this will it come at last. Whether it will be sooner or later, depends upon the wisdom, the courage, and the strength of its advocates. It is plain that, unassisted, Woman cannot speedily accomplish the work. Repressed and dwarfed by false teachings and worse customs through the ages, it is wonderful that she should have wisdom, courage or strength, even to take a humble part, much more to inaugurate the grand work of instatement in the high places from which the might of man has held her. She is untutored in the school of external life; delicate, weak, sensitive to the influence of every wind of false doctrine and sentiment; jealous of her sisterhood, and only a few of the sex, comparatively, understanding the falseness and degradation of her position. The chivalrous ones of the now dominant sex must uphold and assist the brave women who have already declared for independence. Thousands of other women will rush to the front as soon as the vast work of this revolution shall have been fairly commenced.

Woman must demand her "rights" in the line we have indicated, or her efforts toward the improvement of her condition will be abortive, or at least only partially successful. No half-way measures will avail; the revolution must be complete. This the women of the broadest views, who are in the vanguard of the movement, clearly understand; and it is their wisest policy to follow the lead of principle, and use no honied words nor equivocal phrases to win the favor and assistance of men who otherwise would spurn them. By demanding all, they will get more than by asking only for half of that which they know they should have. The sooner the issue is joined and the position of the respective parties in this "irrepressible conflict" is clearly and fully understood, the sooner will the grand triumph be accomplished—for triumph will surely come, though the struggle may be, at the best, bitter and protracted.

On this platform does the *Chicagoan*, [now THE UNIVERSE], advocate the cause of Woman, and cast into the scale all the strength and influence it possesses. It should be distinctly known by those who favor the cause of woman that a social reconstruction is involved,—that, in the granting of "woman suffrage,"—to accept the strong language of a distinguished clergyman, who for this reason is opposed thereto,—"the knife will be placed at the throat" of the present legal marriage system. Those who would preserve this system inviolate, as the keystone in the arch of social safety, should understand this. That system, it is claimed, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. If the claim be not well-founded, let the allegation be disproved. Let the whole thing be unveiled—all its deformities and all its virtues—all its basest and its highest uses—all the diseases, discordances, agonies and crimes, affecting its victims and transmitted through inexorable laws to posterity, contrasted with whatever it may be doing, or may hereafter do.

Let agitation come, who fears? We need a flood; the fifth of years Has gathered round us. Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best be gone!

PLUNDERING MONOPOLIES.

Some of the Eastern papers think that General Grant ought to call an extra session of Congress to repeal the duties on coal and wood, and thereby cheapen fuel before winter sets in. Whatever the law or the Legislatures can do to break up the infamous coal monopolies of Pennsylvania, should not be withheld. A wicked combination of coal-digging thugs, extortionist proprietors and swindling transportation companies, never existed in this, or any other country. But it is one of the legitimate fruits of the much vaunted "protective" policy, which gives legal authority and opportunity to a special clique to plunder a whole community, and then insult their victims by calling the rational protection of "American industry."

Away with such a system, and the demagogues who support it!—*Chicago Tribune*.

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THE UNIVERSE.

AUGUST 28, 1889.

A HARVEST STORY.

BY EDITH ADAMS.

Mollie in the wheat-field singing,
Mollie of the dusky eye,
While the merry troop of gleaners,
Jesting gaily, pass her by.
Mollie's soft, brown hands are holding
Clusters of the golden grain;
Mollie's soft, brown eyes are roving
O'er the stubble field, in vain.

All in vain; for since the dying
Of the last year's sweet July,
One dim little cloud's been lying
In her life's fair, sunny sky.
Then, as now, the maidens merry
Brought their sheaves for the harvesters,
And no heart was light as Mollie's,
And no smile was brighter as hers.

Then, as now, the lads sang cheery,
When the long day's work was done;
But the lad that drove the reaper,
Was the bravest, gayest one.

With his heavy loads of amber,
Shading temples, veined and white,
Eyes of sunny, laughing azure,
Sweet by lashes, black as night,

With his form, erect and manly,
Deep of chest, and lithe of limb—
Hugh, the heir of all these acres
Stretching till the scene grows dim,

Hugh, who in the full moon's glowing,
On a night twelve-months ago,
Lingered where the sheaves were thickest,
Coaxing Mollie not to go;

Telling her the silly story
Foolish maidens love to hear;
One she has not quite forgotten,
Through the long and weary year.

Telling her of his ambition;
How he hates the plodding plow,
How the singing of the reaper
Is no music to him, now.

So all through this burning weather,
When the harvest hands are few,
Tells the patient, gray-haired father,
In the place of sunny Hugh.

And at times the lasses chatter
Of the one that's far away,
Studying to be a lawyer,
In some future, looked-for day.

One among them does not chatter,
But with air constrained and chilled,
Listens—thinking, sadly thinking,
Of a promise unfulfilled;

Hearing little accusations
On the little, foolish heart,
That can never learn its duty—
Learn to hear and not to start.

And the moon's pale disc is gleaming
In the bay, eastern sky,
And the never-tiring crickets
In the grass chirp drowsily.

Still the low-browed, dreaming Mollie
Lingers 'neath the golden sheaves;
Sitting on a fallen bundle,
Silently she droops and grieves.

And she does not hear the footsteps
Coming softly o'er the lea,
But her arms are flung tightly,
And a mouth she does not see,

Bathes her downy neck with kisses,
Whispers in familiar tones—
"Shall the truant claim forgiveness,
And the heart be called his own?"

And the faint, sweet light reveals her,
Standing calm, and proud, and still;
Holding back the recent pleader,
By the soft force of her will:

Till he tells the humbling story,
Of his proud ambition's fall;
How he came to drive the reaper,
Hold the plow, or wield the maul;

"Anything but law-books musty!"
And the handsome face is stirred
By a gesture of aversion
At the mention of the word.

Then fall words of sweet forgiveness,
Pleaded for so long in vain;
And the little cloud is lifted
From the maiden's life again.

—Western Rural.

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Concluded]

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul, not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong, reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal acquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but, among all with whom this experience brought her in connection, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul.

She followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse and shake and agonize, but not power enough to subdue. These two years, in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self, were a series of passionate convulsions. During this time, such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt, levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune, each time, which settled the account. Toward the last she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more, decidedly under evil influences, and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her.

Lady Byron once said significantly to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike to another: "My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience."

The biographers of Lord Byron and all his

apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached him; and the saying of Fletcher, his man-servant, that "anybody could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady," has often been quoted.

The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady" was the only one, fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life, who had the courage resolutely and persistently and inflexibly to plant herself in his way, and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, it should be in spite of her best efforts.

He had tried his strength with her, fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage tie only as a friendly alliance to cover license on both sides.

When her husband described to her the continental latitude—the good-humored marriage, in which complaisant couples mutually agreed to form the cloak for each other's infidelities—and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply: "I am too truly your friend to do this."

When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether.

It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless, that the only child of this union was born. Lord Byron's treatment of his wife during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only possible charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period, by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk, day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the family, and this was the plea which Lady Byron's love put in for him. She regarded him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity, and she loved him with that love resembling a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands' principles, and all hopes of their affections. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend, true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake.

In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love though born in bitterness
And nurtured in convulsion."

A day or two after the birth of this child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was only one of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her. A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him, in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go—that he could not and would not longer have her about him; and, when her child was only five weeks old, he carried his threat of expulsion into effect.

Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account—the only one she ever gave to the public—of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.

Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed forever in this world. Moore's "Life" had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent this version to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon it. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him—the first and only one that had ever come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet of being the instigators of the separation.

In this letter she says, with regard to their separation: "The facts are I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing, January 6, his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself.

"With the concurrence of his family, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8, respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not leave her husband, but was driven from him,—driven from him that he might give himself up to the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face, and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers.

For a long time before this, she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure, she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favorite spaniel, which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into his room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-by," offering at the same time her hand.

Lord Byron put his hands behind him, re-

the latent talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare thee well," which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer:

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well,
E'en though unforgiving, never
Against thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bare before thee
Where thy head so oft had lain,
While that pale sleep came o'er thee
Thou couldst never know again.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a careless wound?"

The reaction of society against him at the time of the separation from his wife was something which he had not expected, and for which, it appears, he was entirely unprepared. It broke up the guilty intrigue, and drove him from England. He had not courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, but the tide was setting against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense. He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, and general confession of faults, accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore:

"The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe, and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there was ever a better, or even a brighter, a kinder or more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself."

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, where he conceived, and in part wrote out, the tragedy of "Manfred." Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes, and the sufferings which he underwent at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power. Anybody who reads the tragedy of "Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it is true. The hero is represented as a gloomy misanthrope, dwelling with impenitent remorse on the memory of an incestuous passion which has been the destruction of his sister for this life and the life to come; but which, to the very last gasp, he despairingly refuses to repent of, even while he sees the fiends of darkness rising to take possession of his despairing soul. That Byron knew his own guilt well, and judged himself severely, may be gathered from passages in this poem, which are as powerful as human language can be made.

The world can easily see, in Moore's biography, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life—how he went from shame to shame, and dishonor to dishonor, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters which his biographer was left to print. Moore, indeed, says Byron had made the resolution not to touch his lady's fortune, but adds that it required more self-command than he possessed, to carry out so honorable a purpose.

Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and she exacted that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. Her inflexibility on this point kept that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in some publication or other, and which drew her and her private relations with him before the public.

The story of what Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was preserved to her is a record of noble and skillfully administered charities. Pious, and wise, and strong, there was no form of human suffering or sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically, but also impulsively. Miss Martineau claims for her the honor of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed, with admirable skill and economy, permanent institutions of this sort, she was always ready to relieve suffering in any form.

As a mother, her course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. The daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and a morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than comfort. She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant career as a woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease. In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Savior.

To the children left by her daughter, she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are among the noblest and best of mankind. The person whose relations with Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the later years of her life, felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influences, and Byron's loving and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help. There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the only one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and, though her task was a difficult one, from the strange abnormal propensities to evil in the object of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, until death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer, was unshaken. To a friend who said to her, "O, how could you love him?" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him." It is in us all.

It was in this angel she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin, that she incessantly prayed. She read every work that Byron wrote—read it with herself could possess any human being but herself could possess. The rivalry and the obscurity, and the insults with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet.

When he broke away from all this unwor-

swer to her prayers. Even although one of his latest acts concerning her was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction.

In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him, "Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her and say—"

Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the names of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. He then said, "now, I have told you all."

"My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying."

"Not understand me!" exclaimed Lord Byron with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity! then it is too late—all is over?" He afterwards, says Moore, tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "my sister—my child."

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been; but in vain—the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented.

For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled with the shadows of earth forever disappeared, the stains of sin forever removed—"the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal."

Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature she gained such views of the divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love.

After Byron's death, the life of this delicate creature—so frail in body that she seemed always hovering on the brink of the eternal world, yet so strong in spirit and so unceasing in her various ministries of mercy—was a miracle of mingled weakness and strength. To talk with her seemed to the writer of this sketch the nearest possible approach to talking with one of the spirits of the just made perfect.

She was gentle, artless, approachable as a little child, with ready, outflowing sympathy for the cares and sorrows and interests of all who approached her, with a naive and gentle playfulness that adorned, without hiding the breadth and strength of her mind, and, above all, with a clear, divining discrimination, never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest shade, yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness and pitied every sin.

There was so much of Christ in her that to have seen her seemed to be to have drawn near to heaven. She was one of those few whom absence cannot estrange from friends, whose mere presence in this world seems always a help to every generous thought, a strength to every good purpose, a comfort in every sorrow.

Living so near the confines of the spiritual world, she seemed already to see into it. Hence the words of comfort which she addressed to a friend who had lost a son:

"Dear friend, remember, as long as our loved ones are in God's world, they are in ours."

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof-sheets of the foregoing, that the author should state more specifically her authority for these statements.

The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit.

On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1866, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country seat near London.

The writer went and spent a day with Lady Byron alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections which every thoughtful person necessary, when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the paths arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it currency.

Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth; whether she did right to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.

Lady Byron's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her before leaving this world, namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings.

For this reason, it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the sphere of personal and local feelings which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes which gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading, on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young man of the time, as she with her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unwholesome to his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in his case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposed embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"The worst of it is, I do believe," he would often say, with violence, when he had been em-

ploying all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son whom she cannot cease to love. With indestructible resignation she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity.

But all this she looked upon as forever past; believing that, with the dropping of the earthly life, these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems, became the triumphant one.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts which have been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing brief memoranda of the whole, with the dates affixed.

We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world, which seemed to encompass Lady Byron, during the last part of her life, and which made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth, than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion, were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand exactly how the thing seemed to lie before her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else, was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that, if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the further circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions.

Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong, philosophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife, was, after all, the true one, of those unfortunately constituted persons, in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung, that it is always in danger of dipping toward insanity, and that in certain periods of his life, he was so far under the influence of mental disorder, as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

While speaking on this subject, her pale, ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she loved and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labor and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost.

Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women; it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognized godlike capabilities under all the dust and delirium of misuse and passion; and she never doubted that the love, which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital, that she begged for two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion. She took the memoranda with her, returned to London, and gave a day or two to the consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was chiefly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling that it would almost be like violating a shrine to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet, as it would involve so much that was painful to her, the writer considered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some person, to be so published.

Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends. Anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England had produced in the century. No such memoir has appeared on the part of her friends; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

There may be family reasons in England which prevent Lady Byron's friends from speaking; but Lady Byron has an American name and an American existence, and reverence for pure womanhood is, we think, a national characteristic of the American; and, so far as this country is concerned, we feel that the public should have this refutation of the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli's book.

—Atlantic Monthly.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

- The sun is on a strike.
- Europe expects light crops.
- The Boston Peace Jubilee Coliseum is to be taken down.
- Thursday, Aug. 19, was the warmest day of the season, thus far.
- A train is to run from New York to Chicago, in thirty hours.
- The highest observed mountain in the moon is 29,944 feet high.
- Fifteen fatal cases of sunstroke occurred in Cincinnati, in one week.
- A National Temperance Convention is to be held at Chicago, next month.
- Thrashing machines are thrashing out arms and legs all over the country.
- The Western College Association met at Evanston, Ill., on Tuesday last.
- Politicians in Tennessee are campaigning by shooting each other's voters.
- Peasants are to be picked by machinery, at the rate of 1,000 bushels per day.
- Gov. Wells has forbidden further expenditures for tobacco in the Virginia State Penitentiary.
- A hotel firm has been arrested for issuing advertisements in imitation of U. S. Treasury notes.
- The Odd Fellows of the country are going to hold their next annual session in San Francisco, Cal.
- The National Labor Congress recently held at Philadelphia, ruled Miss Susan Anthony out, as a delegate.
- It is estimated that at least 50,000 Americans are now travelling in Europe for enjoyment and instruction.
- Salt Lake city contains 15,000 souls. The

streets are forty-four yards wide, and the blocks are forty rods square.

—Thirty seven spectators of a dog-fight were arrested on Tuesday, in Chicago, and held to bail in one hundred dollars.

—A Maine editor is eighty years old, but has never seen a train of cars, and but one steamboat since Fulton's original.

—An association is being established in London, for the purpose of securing the return of workmen to Parliament.

—Mlle. Euphrosyne Broatz has driven a velocipede over a rope stretched 100 feet above the ground, at a Parisian theater.

—Fifty thousand workmen of Paris have petitioned for the same municipal liberties accorded to other cities of France.

—All beer-gardens, billiard saloons, ten-pin alleys, are forbidden, in Chicago, on the Sabbath. Public dances are also prohibited.

—The American Dental Association have laid upon the table a resolution favoring the admission of women to their association.

—A boat race between a Miss Ward and a Miss Summer, in which the latter won, is the latest sensation at Martha's Vineyard.

—The Methodist Protestant mentions a case of the use of sponge-cake with the wine, instead of bread, at a communion service. Horrible!

—The National Teachers' Association held its ninth annual session at Trenton, N. J., on the 18th. Several interesting papers were read.

—A correspondent suggests that Solomon's wisdom was due to the fact that he had seven hundred wives, whom he consulted on all occasions.

—A colored lady has appeared among the fashionable at Saratoga, sporting a prominent Grecian bend, and quite overshadowing her lighter sisters.

—Rome has a population of 230,532, according to this year's census, of whom 2,682 are Jews, 637 Protestants, and the rest Roman Catholics.

—The Regents of the State University have elected a new President, but the name is kept profoundly secret until it is known whether he will accept.

—A young lady of Bennington, Vt., recently hung a diamond ring worth \$850 on a nail in the kitchen, and forgot it till next day, and then it wasn't there.

—A great Orange demonstration was held at Clones, Ireland, on the 16th. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

—The proprietor of a Dubuque, Iowa, hotel, has been practicing unwarranted intimacies with his female boarders, which threaten serious consequences.

—A city telegraph company is forming in New York, which engages to transmit messages of twenty words to any part of the city in fifteen minutes for ten cents.

—A man was recently bitten by a rattlesnake in Greenfield, Iowa. Whisky killed the effects of the poison. It's hard finding anything that whisky, now-a-days, won't kill.

—A grand banquet to the friends of woman suffrage was recently given in Paris, at which gathered many distinguished men and women. One lady delegate was from Finland.

—By the laws of Minnesota, a woman's property is entirely independent of her husband, and is not liable to any charge for the support of herself, her husband or her family.

—In a recent seizure of a champagne manufactory in New Jersey, the articles found on hand were four barrels of common white wine, one barrel of molasses, and one barrel of vinegar.

—Superstitious people are in trouble because the year 1869 commenced on a Friday, and will end on a Friday. In consequence, they say, it will be an unlucky year. Of course it will, to some folks.

—October will witness a Convention at St. Louis, for the